

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 793.—6 August, 1859.—Third Series, No. 71.

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KLOPSTOCK.*

WE anticipate receiving the thanks of many of our readers for reviving the recollection of this distinguished member of the "Priesthood of Letters." Than his, literature has few nobler names. If a childlike simplicity of character, an unblemished life, exalted thoughts of God, tender affection for mankind, an exquisite and highly cultivated taste, a quenchless passion for art, a profound and devout reverence for truth and beauty and liberty, and, in addition, "the vision and the faculty divine;" if these be the insignia of true greatness—the patent of God's nobility—then we know of no greater name than that of the subject of the present sketch.

About thirty miles southwest of Magdeburg, in the low, flat country, stands Quedlinburg. It is a land of streams and rivers, of dreamy legends and stirring associations. Quedlinburg was built by Henry, surnamed the "Fowler," a prince to whom Europe is much more indebted than she has ever thought proper to acknowledge. He was an unlettered man, but one of remarkable sagacity and originality of mind. Living in a rude and barbarous age, a military chief, he displayed qualities of intellect which would have won him renown had he even been surrounded with the light and refinement of a more advanced period. What Alfred was to England, Henry the Fowler was to Germany. Quedlinburg shared largely of his favor. There he founded and richly endowed an abbey. The building remains to this day; and the chroniclers of the district, the mothers and nurses, relate strange traditions of the wisdom and prowess and pious acts of King Henry, who lies, beside his wife Matilda, within the old abbey walls. In that town Klopstock was born on the 2d of July, 1724.

Soon after his birth, family affairs obliged the Klopstocks to leave Quedlinburg. They removed to Friedeburg, a little town on the Saale. Here the poet's infancy was spent; and here also he manifested that gentleness and amiability of disposition which distinguished him throughout life. He entwined himself around the hearts of frau and fraulein, and, by his love of legendary lore, taxed their memory or invention, whenever they visited his father's house. The hoary traditions of the days of the "Fowler," of the Minnezeit, of the Reformation, were listened to with

avidity, in the long winter evenings, by that bright-eyed, quiet boy.

At length the time came for him to be transferred from the *schulpsforte* to the *gymnasium* of his native town. This was a time of joy. At the gymnasium he had access to books which he had long wished to read, and was engaged in studies to which he had looked forward with pleasure. The promise of scholarly ability which he had displayed at the *schulpsforte* was now fully borne out.

Little more than sixteen summers had passed since his birth, yet he nourished the hope of one day making himself a name as an epic poet. "Had Germany," he asked, "no legends? no times of historic interest? no heroes? Does not my native town supply me with such? What better theme could I desire than the deeds of Henry the Fowler?" The dim and wild traditions he had heard in childhood were floating through his mind. This idea was soon relinquished. His Bible, which he had always loved, began to dispute the mastery with the bards of Greece; his heart grasped its truths with a firmer hold; it became the law of his life; its fruit was sweet unto his taste.

His character had taken a set. He had lost nothing of the gentleness of childhood, but had acquired energy and fire. When he thought of the literary and national degradation of his country, then it burst forth in those lyrics which thrilled the heart of Germany. He was now twenty-one, and it was decided that he should forthwith proceed to the University of Jena, to study theology. This was in the '45." About that time Bodmer and Breitinger began to attack Gottsched and the admirers of the tumid bombast and sickly sentimentality which then characterized the writings of the day, in his celebrated papers on the want of a national literature. Bodmer found in Klopstock an enthusiastic disciple. Shakspeare, Milton, and other English poets were now his constant study. His old wish to write an epic poem revived. The "Paradise Lost" suggested the "Messias;" the first canto was completed at Jena.

In 1746 he went to Leipsic, where the "Bremer Beiträge" was in course of publication by Rabener, Gellert, and others, who had embraced the views of Bodmer, and were thus endeavoring to work them out. Klopstock's scholarly reputation and unison of literary opinions soon caused them to en-

* Written some years ago.

list him as a contributor to the journal. He mentioned his epic to them; the finished canto was read, and pronounced worthy of all praise; to this, two more were soon added, and the three cantos were published in the "Beiträge." The poem created a great sensation, especially in Denmark and Switzerland, which had in some measure resisted the corrupt influence of French literature, and were therefore better prepared to appreciate the production of Klopstock. The publication of these cantos marks a new era in the literary history of Germany. Then began that competitive race between the literature of Germany and England which Klopstock beheld in vision, and celebrated in his ode named "The Two Muses." What he had so often dreamed of in moments of boyish enthusiasm, he was about to accomplish. His severe classic taste, elevation of thought, purity and dignity of feeling, chivalrous love of his country, and almost sacred inspiration, combined to cause him to stand in the foremost rank of the band of young and ardent spirits who were seeking to create a national German literature. Such was the general impression which obtained of his distinguished ability, that Bernstoff, the able minister of Frederic V. of Denmark, offered him a pension, and gave him an invitation to finish his poem at Copenhagen, which he accepted, and there resided for some time. When he visited Zurich, he was most rapturously received. Lavater says "that his unostentatious kindness made friends of all who came in contact with him; that he diffused joy around him wherever he went; and that he was so much venerated for his fervent piety, as well as for his brilliant genius, that the Switzers would have made any sacrifice to have detained him amongst them." His sister accompanied him; and Rahn, at whose house the literati of Zurich were wont to assemble, sealed his friendship with Klopstock by becoming his brother-in-law. Klopstock's sister was the mother of Johanna Rahn, the noble-minded and matchless wife of Fichte.

In 1751, when at Hamburg, he was invited to the house of an eminent merchant named Möller. The merchant had a daughter called Meta. She was amiable, beautiful, talented. Before she had seen the poet, she had read his productions with delight. Klopstock, when he met her, was as much attracted by the charms of her conversation, and the graceful

beauty of her person, as she was by his deserved reputation as a poet, and the fascination of his address. This mutual liking ripened speedily into love. Meta and Klopstock were betrothed. From this time a marked change is perceptible in his writings. A new life invigorated him. There was one whose praise was dearer to him than the applause of the great and learned. They were married in 1754 in Hamburg. Never was there a more auspicious union. His sincere piety, his holy enthusiasm, his moral symmetry and intellectual grace, were all reflected by her. She was his second self. The cup, however, was soon dashed from his lips. Their union was terminated by her death, in childhood, in 1758.

After her decease he left Hamburg, visited his birthplace, and finally, settled down at Copenhagen. There he produced his "Dissertations on Language and Poetry," and the "Battle of Arminius." In 1771, he returned to Hamburg, as secretary to the Danish legation, where he completed the "Messias." On the 14th of March, 1803, after a brilliant career, the beloved of all who had the happiness of knowing him, in the 79th year of his age, he entered into his rest.

Behind him, he left no equal. As a sacred poet he ranks next to Milton; as a lyric poet, he has no superior. This is not the place to enumerate his works, to analyse their contents, or to trace their influence. This much we may say, that he was to the literature of his country what Luther was to its religion. He gave to his age what it needed, not what it desired. He adorned no vice—he aimed at the destruction of no virtue. In a time of heartless scepticism and social profligacy, he was devout and pure-minded. In a period of literary inanity, he was in the widest sense a scholar.

"Learning has borne such fruit in other days,
On all her branches: piety has found
Friends in the friends of science, and true
prayer
Has flowed from lips wet with Castalian
dews."

Of Klopstock can be said, what cannot be affirmed of Goethe, or Schiller, or many others that Germany delights to honor—*In the whole of his voluminous works there is not a single sentence which a father would wish to hide from the eye of his child!* His pure soul is written in those volumes. His life was a commentary upon his writings.

The Messiah whose grace he sung, was the ruler of his heart. And as long as the "holy evangel" is precious to the German nation, so long his memory will be an odor of sanctity.

The village of Ottensen, where he lies, is just outside of the Danish town Altona, scarcely half an hour's walk from Hamburg; nevertheless few, of the *literati*, who every year pass through that city, ever think of visiting his grave. We have often thought that had he been a moulder of blasphemy—especially if he "preserved the unities" in his utterances, and gave a classic contour to pantheistic speculations—a path would be beaten through that village churchyard by the feet of many a "reverend seigneur," and every beardless aspirant for the bays would, before leaving the banks of the Elbe, make a pilgrimage to his tomb. But such was not his mission; and, therefore, the lieges of Ottensen are seldom troubled by strangers inquiring for the grave of the author of the "Messias." He is buried directly opposite the porch of the church, just within the low wall of the churchyard, as you enter by the wicket-gate from the main street of the village. A plain slab at the head of the grave tells who sleeps beneath. By the side of this is another tombstone that was placed there by his own hands in 1758. It marks the spot where he buried the object of his tenderest affection, Meta Möller. On that slab he inscribed the following touching and characteristic lines:—

"A seed sown by God
To ripen for the harvest."

An iron railing encloses the two graves. A large linden-tree grows at their head, and, in the summer-time, forms a canopy above them.

With the exception of a few of his hymns, Klopstock's poetry is about as popular in Germany as the "Paradise Lost" is in Britain, and that is *not at all!* To be sure, everybody is *supposed* to have read all that Milton wrote, from his greatest epic to his exposition of "Christian Doctrine." Everybody, too, can quote, on public occasions, golden sentences from that "old man eloquent." Nevertheless, being mindful also of the numberless editions which have been "got up" and "got off," we affirm that Milton's great creation is a terra incognita to multitudes of not merely our bustling men of business, who scarcely give themselves time to eat, much less to read, but of excellent persons who set up for *savans*. Milton is talked

about and quoted, but not read by us. The same is true of Klopstock in Germany. Our neglect of Milton, however, does *not* arise from any dislike to his *theme*; but if we would discover why Klopstock has lost caste in the literary circles of Germany, we must look at the religious aspects of those circles, and then the mystery will be at once cleared up. The modern critical philosophy aims at the exploding of "the Messianic idea." German theologues and professors, regard the orthodox view of the Redeemer and his mission as the abomination of abominations. Society, they affirm, will totter to its fall, if it be not weeded out of the European mind; and if it be not verily the fault will not be theirs. No stone is left unturned to propagate the notion that the Bible is an uncouth fiction! They have not labored in vain. Young ladies and old ladies, gray-headed scholars and raw undergraduates, editors of year-books, almanacs, and all sorts of reviews, writers of every thing and for every thing, from the *Volksblatt* to the most erudite of journals, are one and all engaged in preaching a crusade against the "glorious Gospel of the blessed God." Is it then wonderful that Klopstock is not read? Surely not. The wonder would be if he were. It is not his style but his *theme* that is disliked. "The *offence* of the cross" has not ceased. But sooner or later, a great reaction will take place in the religious life of Germany. Pyrrhonism cannot long satisfy the human heart. It *must* have something to believe in. This is a fundamental law of our nature. Therefore, without donning the prophetic garb, we opine that an age of GROSS SUPERSTITION will soon tread upon the heels of the present period of scepticism. When "the faith once delivered to the saints" shall have the masterdom of Germany we do not pretend to say; but whenever that time comes *then* the "Messias" will be read, and some Schlegel will arise to do justice to the great merits of its author. Until then

"Peace to the just man's memory; let it grow
Greener with years, and blossom through the
flight

Of ages; let the mimic canvass show
His calm, benevolent features; let the light
Stream on his deeds of love, that shunn'd the
sight

Of all but heaven; and, in the book of fame
The glorious record of his virtues write,
And hold it up to men, and bid them claim
A palm like his, and catch from him the hal-
low'd flame."

Of all the biographies which we have of Klopstock, there is not one that can be called readable; and as to his "Messias," we may safely assert that there is not a translation in our language. We do not intend any unkindness to the well-meaning persons who have produced versions of that poem. In justice to them, we must admit that there are few, if any competent to the task of translating it. The gatherer up of equivalents may make a very good lexicographer, but assuredly he never can be the translator of a great poem. Of skilled German scholars we have shoals; but where among them are we to look for a man who to poetic power unites

the fervent, simple-hearted piety of Klopstock? The man who translates the "Messias" must occupy the *stand-point* of the author, otherwise his attempt will be abortive. Reginald Heber might have done this; James Montgomery could. To the author of "The World before the Flood," it would have been a labor of love. But his sun will soon set. His work is done. From his graceful pen we must expect no more. The last song of this sweet singer has been sung; and now he waits but for "the call of his Master." Whenever that call is heard, may there be one raised up to catch his descending mantle.

JAMES PARNEL AT COLCHESTER. 1655.—He was put into the Hole in the Wall, a room much like to a Baker's oven; for the walls of that building, which is indeed a direful nest, are of an excessive thickness, as I have seen myself, having been in the Hole where this pious young man ended his days, as will be said by and by. Being confined to the said hole, which was as I remember about twelve foot high from the ground, and the ladder too short by six feet; he must climb up and down by a rope on a broken wall, which he was forced to do to fetch his victuals, or for other necessities: for though his friends would have given him a cord and a basket to draw up his victuals in, yet such was the malice of his keepers that they would not suffer it.

Continuing in this moist hole, his limbs grew benumbed; and thus it once happened that as he was climbing up the ladder with his victuals in one hand, and come to the top thereof, catching at the rope with his other, he missed the same and fell down upon the stones, whereby he was exceedingly wounded in his head, and his body so bruised that he was taken up for dead. Then they put him into a hole underneath the other; for there were two rows of such vaulted holes in the wall. This hole was called the oven, and so little, that some Baker's ovens were bigger, though not so high. Here the door being shut there was scarcely any air, there being no window or hole.

And after he was a little recovered from his fall, they would not suffer him to take the air, though he was almost spent for want of breath; and though some of his friends, viz. William Talcot and Edward Grant, did offer their bond of forty pounds to the Justice, Henry Barrington, and another whose name was Thomas Shortland, to lye body for body, that Parnel might

but have liberty to come to W. Talcot's house, and return when recovered, yet this was denied, nay, so immovable were they set against him, that when it was desired that he might walk a little sometimes in the yard they would not grant it by any means, and once the door of the hole being open, and he coming forth and walking in a narrow yard between two high walls, so incensed the jailor that he locked up the hole, and shut him out in the yard all night, being in the coldest time of the winter. This hard imprisonment did so weaken him, that after ten or eleven months he fell sick and died. At his departure there were with him, Thomas Shortland and Ann Langley: and it was one of these (that came often to him) who long after brought me into this hole where he died.—*Sewel's History of the Quakers.*

MESSRS. MILLER AND COMPANY of Eastcheap, have introduced a new application to cabinet furniture, made by machinery, of an invention for affixing to the joints of chairs and tables, etc., small pieces of brass, by which when slipped into each other, a fine and secure dovetail joint is obtained. Furniture with this novel arrangement, will probably be very acceptable to shippers and emigrants, who require greater strength and durability for the fittings of their cabins and chambers than ordinarily offered. The simplicity of the joint permits the article of furniture to which it is attached to be put together or taken to pieces in the shortest space of time by any one, however inexperienced, without chance of injury or disorder, and enables objects to be packed for transit in a space little more than the mere cubic measurement of the wood, thus effecting a considerable saving in carriage freight.—*Spectator.*

From The National Review.

THE PEOPLE OF THE ARABIAN NIGHTS.

The Thousand and One Nights. By Edward William Lane. A new edition, from a copy annotated by the Translator. Edited by his Nephew, Edward Stanley Poole. In 3 vols. London: John Murray, 1859.

THE imaginative literature of a past time and a distant country has varied interests for various observers. To some it is a storehouse of etymological materials, others find their delight in inquiries into the allied forms of national fictions, and their connection with mythology and bearing upon the remote history of races; some seek in it a study of manners, others illustrations of the truth of their own theology, or excuse for moral disquisition. A limited number there are, however, who read works of this class for their own sake, and not for the sake of the incidental lessons they embody, and who discover in them that which they were intended to contain—entertainment.

Of all such works the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments* has enjoyed the largest number of this class of readers, and few books have contributed more largely to uninteresting enjoyment and idleness *pur et simple*. Galland first made the work familiar to Western readers, and stamped on his translation an ineffaceable character of uselessness. He wrote it neither to throw light on history, morals, nor manners; but to be read and to be found good reading. He concerned himself not with accurately representing Arab customs or habits of thought. His notion was, that as the Arabs had found these tales amusing, his French countrymen would probably do the same. They did so; and still more so probably did we English, who were for many years the contented readers of a translation of the French translation, which, whatever may be its other defects, sacrificed nothing of the liveliness and spirit of its original. Galland, indeed, speaks as if his book were a faithful image even in detail of the picture of Eastern manners presented by his Ma. The only question open, however, is what he meant by saying this; as his version conveys just about as exact an idea of the *Thousand and One Nights* as they exist for Arabian readers, as Pope's translation of Homer does of the Greek *Iliad*. But as in the case of Pope so in that of Galland, there was a *vis* in the translator himself which gave a life to his work indepen-

dent of that of the parent from which it sprang. Southey boldly asserted that Galland had improved on his original; and we doubt not that for Western readers Southey was right, and that wherever the question simply is how to derive the greatest enjoyment from the stories, the old version will have the preference. To the end of time probably schoolboys will read Galland in preference to Lane, as they read Pope in preference to Cowper. Still one has a degree of compunction in sanctioning an unnecessary departure from the original in any literature, and perhaps there is not a more fertile source of false impressions, important or unimportant as the case may be, than a translation which is unfaithful but widely popular. Mr. Lane's ambition has been to represent his original as accurately as possible; not merely to make a correct verbal translation, though he has done this too, but more especially to derive from it an exact and lively picture of the manners and customs of the people with whom it originated. It is true, he has been a good deal hampered in his object by the exigency of making a drawing-room book, and adapting the Arab to the English tests of propriety; but he can boast that he has made no wilful departures from his original, that those thus required are in the main matters of omission only, and that their absence detracts only in a single respect from the faithfulness of the general picture.

It is not easy to imagine a mature reader of the *Arabian Nights* for the first time, or to conceive what impression they would produce under such circumstances; but to return to them in after life, after having been familiar with them in boyhood, is a somewhat melancholy task. If we look at them with pleasure, it is mostly through a vista of old remembrances: we enjoy the revival of faded sensations rather than the excitement of new ones. The thing itself has lost the charm which once held us enchained. How dwarfed are the proportions which used to strike us with awe, how dimmed the splendor of the fancy, how tamed the startling incidents! The great Haroun Alraschid himself, with his honored confidants Giafar and Mesroor, holds not the place he did, nor seems to sit with a leonine mixture of hasty passion and good-humored generosity at the summit of human grandeur. To see these things as they were to us, we must turn back in imagination to

the gates of life, and recall the freshness of our youth. Later on in life, the most unlimited accumulation of precious stones loses its power of producing an effect, and no reverses of fortune are extraordinary enough to startle us. The suddenly-revealed treasures; the gorgeous palaces with doors of sandal-wood, fretted ceilings, and jewelled couches; the high-bosomed virgins, the obedience of genii, and the state of kings,—these things come not near us. We have lost the sublime egotism of our early years, and acknowledge that such splendid possessions are too good for us. Fate has already assigned us our moderate share, and set with some sufficient definiteness the limits of our ambition and our hopes. Who are we between thirty and forty, that we should pull up a flat stone with a ring in it, and find steps leading to a cavern stored with the precious rarities of an Eastern fancy; or wake in the night and tremble with sweet amazement to behold the fair paragon of China sleeping by our side? Enough for us if we sold out before the fall of Consols, and if the single partner to whom we limit our admiration of female beauty preserve a moderate share of those fair proportions and serene disposition with which she adorned the early days of courtship.

But there was a time with us when the *Arabian Nights* were not so much a story as a dream, when, with the same dim mingling of identities which we sometimes have in sleep, it is not Aladdin but ourself, and yet not ourself but Aladdin, who gazes on the jewel-bearing fruit-trees, marries the Vizier's daughter, and controls the resources of the lamp; we suffer and triumph with Sindbad, taste vicissitude with Cameralzaman, enjoy the shrinking fondness of Zutulbe, travel upon the enchanted carpet, or mount the flying horse. But when we have arrived at years of discretion, and find these things alleged of other people, we perceive at once that they are in the highest degree extravagant and impossible.

To read of these things was a sort of intellectual "hasheesh," an intoxicating stimulant to that early imagination which does not consciously subdue other things into its own forms, but delights to lose itself in suggestions from without. He who has not read when young the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments* and *Robinson Crusoe*, has lost two of

the greatest pleasures of which his age was capable; and the opportunity has gone from him for ever. The schoolboy has many points in common with the Arab; and it is curious enough to see the matured literary taste of the one reflected in the unformed capacities of the other.

As it is impossible to revive the old feelings in their old force, it is pleasant, if we wish to reperuse the Eastern stories, to have them in a form like that given to them by Mr. Lane; sufficiently different to leave our minds tolerably free from old distractions, and faithful enough to give play to a new set of interests. We ask ourselves what intrinsic value they have as literary productions, and what sort of information they afford as to the people among whom and for whom they were written. For the imaginative literature of a people, in as far as it is genuine, is the most trustworthy testimony possible to their characteristic life and real nature: it is their own conception of themselves, and contains, moreover, a thousand incidental evidences of a fineness and delicacy which can never be obtained by foreign observation, however acute and persevering. The difficulty is, to say how much of the imaginative literature we find extant at any time is of real home growth, or moulded into native forms; and how far a mere transplanted growth, accepted but not assimilated.

The origin of the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments* is, to a certain extent, matter of controversy; and on this we are not competent to enter. So much, however, seems to be pretty well established, that in the form in which we possess them they are of comparatively modern date, and of Arab, probably Egyptian Arab, authorship. Mr. Lane thinks, from internal evidence, they were very likely written in Cairo, about the commencement of the sixteenth century; and though many of them are doubtless originally of Hindoo and Persian extraction, they have been crusted over with modern accessories, and sometimes in essence, as always in form, remodelled and suited to the tastes, the habits, and the manners of the city Arabs, among whom they assumed the shape which has become so permanent and so widely popular.

They are not the disintegrated mythology or traditional history of a nation; they are simply part of the light literature of a people of active, bright, and, in some respects, highly

cultivated intellect. The Western admiration and perpetuation of the work by printing has given it a position it would probably never have acquired among those for whom it was written. The stories are popular, but the book itself would scarcely have won any very high reputation. A learned Sheyk looks at it with some mild contempt, such as Dr. Milman might feel in beguiling a leisure hour with James's novels. The style is not the colloquial style, but a somewhat debased literary style; as if it were as good and as fine as the author could make it; but which is yet such as highly-educated Arabs can scarcely condescend to read.

If we turn to the matter, the most marked and pervading defect to the mature mind is a certain superficiality. It is all brilliant surface-work without depth. If we were asked to illustrate the old distinction between fancy and imagination, could we do so better than by contrasting the Eastern Tales with the Northern Edda? From how deep a sense of humor spring the grotesque fancies of the latter, how close the intermingling of the passions with the deeper affections, how lasting the effect of any profound stirring of the emotions, how individual the characters displayed, how wide the sweep of their influence! Imagination is stirred by the realities of things; it shoots its piercing glances after the truths which surround us, and grasps at them with an eager passionate hand. Fancy requires beauty, but it is satisfied with surface beauty; it plays with the realities of life, and gathers up its decorations, its picturesqueness, its outward shows. Imagination will always be found exhausting the matter in hand; fancy roving and selecting over a wide range. The one plucks the heart out of a mystery, the other makes captive every flying grace. In little space the one lays bare the secrets of all hearts, and claims not only the deepest but the most universal sympathies; the other dilates upon trifles, and makes playthings of the feelings and ideas of men. Read Homer. How deeply the story lies founded in the characteristics of a few individuals! It is not the tale of Troy, it is the wrath of Achilles, that is sung. It is not what befel men, but what certain men did and were, that forms the matter upon which imagination works. Even the Greek Tragedy, fateful as it is, and leaning on some great event rather than on the development of char-

acter, yet deals always with individual life and the far-reaching consequence of human action. The old stories of Greece, and the home-grown epics and middle-age romances of Europe, are occupied not so much with the adventures as with the acts of heroes, and the consequences they involved; and our own highest and most characteristic imaginative literature, from the drama of Elizabeth's time to the last lady's novel, deals with special single embodiments of human character, and depicts in the lives and actions of particular men and women the intertangled play of will and circumstance. And it is in this respect that the Arabian stories present the most remarkable contrast. All the profounder differences between the literature they represent and ours may be said to spring from a single root, and the imaginative growths are the expression of fundamental social distinctions. A deep feeling of the profound reality of life, of how much that is awful lies in existence and action and death; an eye to the infinite circle of consequence, which widens outwards from every centre of living force; an assurance of the importance of individual conviction, an active sense of personal responsibility, —these express themselves in Western, and especially in English, history and literature. These lit the fires of Smithfield, fought the fights of Marston and Dunbar; these make us Puseyites, Evangelicals, Methodists, Independents, Unitarians; these too make us free men.

English fiction is like paintings of persons, the *Arabian Nights* like landscapes with figures introduced. There is no such thing in them as a sustained interest developed out of individual character or influence; men and women are woven like embroidery into the tissue of the story, they are a sort of puppets whereby strange occurrences can be represented. Death is a common theme for the imagination of every age and country. It appears of course commonly enough in these Arabian stories; but the contemplation of it in some single instance is never made the mainspring of imaginative movement. It occurs only as an element or a break in adventure; the story hurries past it to new varieties of change. The interests never lead up to and culminate in death. There is no such thing as real tragedy. The more we look at that fact, the more we shall see that it constitutes a vital distinction between the imagina-

tive literature of the Egyptian Arabs and our own.

The interest of these Eastern Tales is exclusively, or all but exclusively, based upon the vicissitudes of external fortune; and such changes are not displayed in their bearing upon any peculiarly constituted mind. Lear, or Coriolanus, or Timon undergo the extremes of prosperity and adversity: but our interest is never in the change, it is in the mode in which the men are affected by it; and in all the higher forms of Western imaginative fiction we are introduced to the deeper realities of experience within some individual man. But in the Eastern stories you are never asked to sympathize with the man, but always with what happens to him. The reader's excitement depends on his facile power of self-identification with the subject of the adventures; and the writer appeals to a faculty, which, as we have said, our modern mind finds it impossible to carry beyond the time of boyhood.

That which does happen to a man is also of a peculiar character. The possession of enormous riches and of a beautiful wife are assumed as the certain and unailing constituents of human felicity. Power itself is only valuable as a means of commanding them. It would be difficult to find a single instance in which any one in possession of these elements of enjoyment is represented as the prey to any of those hidden sources of discontent so familiar to the Western mind.

As happiness consists in possession, so misery consists in the being deprived of external blessings; and the complex elements of pathos which are common in our literature find their simpler representatives in these tales in the sudden dispersion of riches, or the loss of a mistress.

Pathos, indeed, in its true sense, can scarcely be said to find a place in them; and the present editor reads with very different eyes from ours when he speaks of this quality as forming their special excellence, and cites the story of Shems-en-Nahâr and that of 'Azeez and 'Azezeh as containing the highest instances of it. Doubtless they contain the elements of tenderness and suffering, yet they can scarcely in any true sense be said to be pathetic. The former is the story of a young man who falls in love with a concubine of the Caliph, and describes the hazardous interviews he enjoys with her, till, overpowered by

difficulties which place insurmountable barriers in the way of their meeting, he takes to his bed and dies, with much weeping and fainting and reciting of verses; and his mistress, hearing of his fate, dies of the blow. This is a tale of passion rather than of pathos, and the whole handling inspires a European mind, at least, with the impression that it is an extravagant picture of the weakness of indulged passion. Where contempt mingles with compassion pathos can scarcely find a place, and here the prostration of the sufferer is much more prominent than the strength of the feeling. The story may be said to be in a certain sense tragic in its conclusion, but it wants all the nobler elements of tragedy. There is nothing to pity but personal beauty, and nothing to sympathize with but despondency. Contrast the story with its European parallel, *Romeo and Juliet*. Juliet is caught in the net of fate after an arduous struggle, and welcomes death as the only means by which she can continue true; her strength is in her passion; it is her force, her energy, by which she faces difficulty and subdues terror, and cuts life itself asunder when it becomes a separation. Our dejected young Eastern friend suffers from a disease he cannot struggle against; he simply lies down and dies of desire. We are sorry when a pale young lady of weak constitution dies in a decline; but it is tragedy,—pathos,—when the bloom, the beauty, and above all, the strength and nobleness of youth goes forth into the battle of life and is shorn down in the contest,—when suffering wrings tears from the strong endurance of manhood, or when age is stripped of its dues of reverence and tender care,—when Hector lies trailing in the dust, when Othello weeps, when Lear recalls his scattered senses, and his cheek is wetted with the tears of Cordelia.

"Was this a face

To be exposed against the warring winds?"

That is pathos.

"And 'Alee the son of Bekkâr sighed and said to me, O my brother, know that I am inevitably perishing, and I desire to give thee a charge, which is this: that when thou seest me to have died, thou repair to my mother, and acquaint her, that she may come to this place for the sake of receiving the visits of condolence for me, and be present at the washing of my corpse; and exhort her to bear my loss with patience. He then fell down in a fit; and when he recovered he

heard a damsel singing at a distance, and reciting verses; and he listened to her and heard her voice; one moment becoming insensible; and another, recovering; and another, weeping in his anguish and grief at that which had befallen him: and he heard the damsel sing, with charming modulations, these verses:—

“Separation hath quickly intervened between us, after intimate intercourse and friendship and concord.

The vicissitudes of fortune have disunited us. Would that I knew when would be our meeting!

How bitter is separation after union! Would that it never gave pain unto lovers!

The strangulation of death is short, and ceaseth; but the disjunction of the beloved ever tortureth the heart.”

And as soon as ‘Alee the son of Bekkár had heard her song, he uttered a groan, and his soul quitted his body.”

That may be called pathos; but taken in conjunction with the whole story, it is not only inferior, it involves narrower elements. We cannot help thinking that all the stories are so treated as to excite the fancy and the intellect rather than the emotions. There is a certain coldness and *insouciance* in the tone of the narrator, and it lurks in his very exaggerations. Thus we are told, in the meeting of Shems-en-Nahár and her lover, that

“As soon as she beheld ‘Alee the son of Bekkár and he beheld her, they both fell down fainting upon the floor, and remained so for an hour; and when they recovered, they drew near to each other, and sat conversing tenderly; and after this, they made use of some perfumes, and began to thank me for my conduct to them.”

It is the same where incidents of sorrow or anguish are narrated. The Eastern constitution has, we know, little sympathy with suffering. It inflicts it with less compunction, it incurs it more lightly than we do. When the hero of one of these Arab stories, falls into misfortune, we find him shut up in a dark prison, and beaten night and morning, or otherwise tortured. Amine’s sides and bosom bear the record of savage cruelty, the infliction of which requires but slight extenuation. When the princess Budoor goes mad from disappointed attachment, she is chained to the wall by the neck. This may be ordinary treatment for lunatics; but the curious thing is the indifference with which it is recorded. Another lady is extended on a ladder, tied by her hair, and lacerated with blows of a whip;

and all this in the presence of her passionately attached lover. He regrets it, indeed, but no more. Such things come and go lightly. The pangs of unrequited passion are represented as very acute to him who suffers; but this is obviously a conventional sort of misery, and mainly drawn from Persian sources. It is only when a man has had a great deal of money and has lost it all, that others are expected to be really sorry for him; and the point of the story turns on how he got more again. The uncertainty of riches has, indeed, been made the subject of comment in other than Arab literature, and their absence has always been deemed a subject of regret; but in no other literature have they been made the subject of so much imaginative interest. Doubtless this is based upon a profound experience of their practical value, joined to social conditions which gave a romantic uncertainty to possession. We in England have a confirmed impression that a man can only get rid of his property by spending or losing it; in Egypt there is the additional and very interesting contingency of its being taken from you. There are only three modes of gaining wealth indicated in these stories—happy mercantile ventures, the discovery of hidden or supernatural treasures, and the gifts of princes. They are all in the highest degree uncertain, and independent of steady exertion. The combined importance of possession and the precariousness of acquisition and tenure go far to account for that mixture of covetousness and generosity which is so common a trait in these tales. The sultan who scatters his thousand pieces of gold recruits his finances at the expense of the nearest wealthy subject who has incurred his anger or given a pretext for the robbery; and he who knows his turn to be stripped may at any moment arrive is willing to taste the pleasures and gain the benefits of a lavish expenditure.

Saleh did well to write these two verses:

“Hasten to accomplish any kind intention: for it is not always that generosity can be exercised.

How many a man, when able, hath withheld himself from an act of generosity, till death prevented him!”

Such a man, however, when he has been squeezed dry by the exigencies of a superior, is not scrupulous in the means he employs to recruit his resources. The social value of wealth is not very different there from what it is here. The advantages of riches and the

disadvantages of poverty are cosmopolitan enough in their character, and we can very thoroughly enter into the keen observations on the subject with which some of the verses scattered through Mr. Lane's version are filled. Thus we read:—

"Whoso possesseth two dirhems, his lips have learned varieties of speech which he uttereth:

His brethren draw near and listen to him, and thou seest him haughty among mankind.

Were it not for his money in which he glorieth, thou wouldst find him in a most ignominious state.

When the rich man erreth in speech, they reply: Thou hast spoken truly, and not utterest vanity.

But when the poor man speaketh truly, they reply: Thou hast lied,—and make void what he hath asserted.

Verily money in every habitation investeth men with dignity and with comeliness:

It is the tongue for him who would be eloquent, and the weapon for him who would fight."

And again of poverty:—

"Poverty causeth the lustre of a man to grow dim, like the yellowness of the setting sun.

When absent he is not remembered among mankind, and when present he shareth not their pleasures.

In the market-streets he shunneth notice, and in desert places he poureth forth his tears.

By Allah! a man among his own relations, when afflicted with poverty, is a stranger."

These experiences are by no means exclusively Eastern.

The confined channels of enterprise described in these tales, and the absence of all influence by direct effort of the hero on his own fortunes, are another marked feature closely connected with those already alluded to. The motive power which springs from a man himself, the whole circle both of self-originating action and suffering, is at a minimum. All that is required of a hero is to accept with expressions of reliance on Providence whatever may be done for him. No trial of self-restraint is required greater than that of not pronouncing the name of Allah when borne near heaven by an evil spirit, or of not opening an interdicted door; and even such as these prove too severe for those who are exposed to them. In the excellent tale of Hasan of El-Basrah, where the hero is perhaps more prominent than in any other, he goes through the most wonderful places, and encounters deadly perils; but his only personal virtue is that of holding steadily to his object. He will go to the Wak-Wak Islands

and recover his wife, though assured at each stage of his journey that he undertakes the next at a peril of his life; still he never does a single thing for himself. The wondrous ladies with whom he has formed a fast and sisterly friendship hand him over to their uncle, a venerable sheyk on a fast-trotting, elephant on whom he makes an impression by weeping and moaning and reciting verses. This sheyk sends him on by a preternatural horse to another old sheyk, who keeps people waiting five days; he and his fellows again forward the traveller by a flying "Jinn" to the king of the Land of Camphor, who manages to introduce him into the wished-for islands. There by chance he finds a protectress, and ultimately attains his object; but not a single action or stratagem is of his own invention, except the very simple one by which he cheats two little boys of an enchanted cap and rod. There is something in this and many stories of the same kind beyond that chance lighting on great advantages which is common to all fiction. We none of us feel very easy under the idea of a distribution of the gifts of Providence exactly proportioned to our deserts, and the secret cherishing of the notion of some more fortuitous dispensal, in which we have the chance of gaining a prize to which our personal merit gives us no claim, has always found its expression in romance; but Western fiction, where it conceives an object to be attained by effort, almost invariably represents the person who is to be benefited as contributing something at least to the exertion necessary to secure the end, and even chances advantages are generally assigned to some degree of merit, though it be only that of clever wickedness or humorous stupidity. But the hero of an Eastern tale is never any body who in himself interests us. Personal beauty is the grand recommendation in both sexes; and next to it comes a power of reciting verses and making elegant compliments, assigned to heroes as a sort of natural gift, much as skill and strength are in the middle-age romances. Courage is not wanting in these Eastern heroes, but it does not claim attention as an eminent virtue. It is very quietly assumed as an ingredient; men in difficulties are not represented as betraying any want of it; but, on the other hand, they suffer from sudden frights, and give free play to the natural emotions of fear when it does affect them, and their having done so does not

seem to cause any acute sensation of shame. Indeed, the whole personal feeling of shame is marvellously blunt as compared with our experience, and the feeling of high self-estimation is in the same category. There is far less personal self debiting and crediting. Everywhere we have indications of moral feeling existing more as a social and less as an individual characteristic than amongst us. Each person melts more softly into the community, insensibly is moulded by its tone; personal responsibility weighs on him but lightly; he has little temptation and little opportunity to rise high above, or sink far below, those around him. The social bonds themselves are quite different from those to which we are accustomed. A sense of common duties, national and theological, are the real grounds of common social existence with us, subdivided by a thousand narrower alliances of party, parishes, and sects. We have never attained with any reality to the life in the Church Universal which is the ideal of Christianity. When we do reach it, no doubt it will be of the more value in proportion as it was difficult of attainment, because it will bind together strong wills and informed consciences, and rest on deliberate personal convictions. In the meantime, the Mahomedans on their lower ground have attained to a higher degree of religious unity than we have, and find in it much more the element of their common life. The distinctions of country are very faintly marked in these tales: partly, no doubt, because they are of very mixed origin, but partly also because to be a good Muslim among Muslims forms a bond at once deeper and more extensive than any national peculiarities. The possession of a theology and a religion whose main dogmas and principles admit of no question, standing immovable upon a book which is not the record of a revelation, but itself the revelation; the pressure of a political system which opens a minimum of play for the faculties, in which genius and industry are no stepping-stones to advancement, and incapacity and negligence no bar to favor,—these conditions inevitably place what some bold namegiver has styled "the individuality of the individual" at a discount.

The completest type of that which Mr. Mill so much dreads, a public opinion stifling the growth of individual energies and sapping the strength of personal convictions, is to be found

far less complete in those countries where public opinion comes into collision with private action, and acts by sudden tyrannical gusts or a general atmosphere of restraint, than in those where, instead of opposing, it merges the private will. In America public opinion crushes and constrains, in Egypt it absorbs. Both are bad, but the latter far more deep-reaching an evil. The one is but a chain, the other an opiate. The one chafes men most in small things, and leaves essentials free; the other gives ease in externals, and preys upon the vital forces. In Boston you must do as your neighbors do, or be exposed to all manner of unpleasant observations: you must say "Sir," and be solemn, get tea at the right time, dine at the common table, furnish large suppers and stewed oysters, shake hands and show no signs of exclusiveness; but you may think what you will, and you may square all your real life according to your own most peculiar convictions: you are chafed in details, but in essentials you are free; for we are not now speaking of gusts of popular opinion, which while they last may exercise any degrees of tyranny, but only of the regular working of public opinion in the United States. In the East etiquette is carried farther than even in Boston. Every man who enters into a room must make formal salutations and utter formal phrases exactly adapted to the relative social station of himself and his host, and no less strict observances regulate his sitting down, his departure, and all his intercourse. The master of a house sends to announce himself before he enters his mother's or even his wife's apartments, and is received with the regular and unvaried forms and salutations. All this at first sight conveys to us the idea of intolerable restraint, we cannot imagine it to be other than an embarrassing life of ceremonies: but to the Eastern it is not so; he is just as much at ease as the Yankee is stiff and hampered. For these observances are naturally developed out of his whole mental and moral condition; he is bred up in them from infancy, they are part of his religion, assumed conditions of life to him. It does not even occur to him that there is any thing else to be done; they become as spontaneous as his digestion, and no more encumber him than do his flowing robes compared to the Transatlantic swallow-tail and trousers. Within all these formal restrictions he has far more play for personal peculiari-

ties, or even eccentricities, than perhaps most Europeans; but below this lies a mass of entirely unstirred common life—beliefs never questioned and responsibilities never lifted. Mahommed potted the roots of his disciples, and thenceforward there was no danger in letting the foliage have free play. You see great variety of personal traits among Mahommedans, but a Muslim of original mind would be a strange curiosity.

From the same cause, we find in these stories little evidence of any delicacy and force of moral feeling. Wickedness, however monstrous, excites no strong feeling of indignation, often not even in him who suffers from it; the commission of it is, like good or evil fortune, rather something that has happened to a man than something which has originated in himself and makes him detestable. Cruelty and treachery, and every form of injury, are often cheerfully condoned; a thing which is noted as indicating generosity in him who exercises forgiveness, but which never seems to excite any uneasy sentiment of crime left unpunished and unrepented. When, in the story of Aboo-Seer and Aboo-Keer, the wicked dyer, finding his companion raised to prosperity, comes to proffer his lying excuse for the monstrous and barbarous ingratitude of which he had been guilty, Aboo-Seer says to him, "May God pardon thee, O my companion! This event was secretly predestined, and reparation is God's affair. Enter; pull off thy clothes, and bathe and enjoy thyself." Aboo-Keer rejoined, "By Allah, I conjure thee that thou pardon me, O my brother!" And Aboo-Seer said to him, "May God acquit thee of responsibility, and pardon thee! for it was an event predestined from eternity to befall me."

This greater degree of social fusion is not without its good side. The Eastern life helps us in some degree to see a thing which we want. The deepest and best natures have always been impressed with the idea of a corporate as well as an individual life for man,—one in which self shall be more lost, humility fostered, and sympathies find a wider field. In practice, ours is the cultivation of the distinct but by no means incompatible excellence of strict and profoundly felt personal responsibility, and its concomitant advantages of personal effort, convictions firmly grasped and courageously defended, and play for the highest minds to advance themselves and

draw others after them. In the perhaps too exclusive attachment to these things we have almost lost sight of any true social life. We see it in a low form, perhaps, but still not without many recommendations, in these illustrations of Mahommedan life. There is something often very charming in the picture of universal brotherly intercommunication, the ready sympathy, the easy trust, the free compassion, the unquestioning hospitality. The absence of any of that jealous distrust of every stranger, which we carry so far, is very remarkable. There is none of that process of mutual sounding and judicious reserve, that parrying of question and answer, which in the meeting of two Englishmen somewhat reminds us of the sniffing of a couple of strange terriers. Where a stranger in distress, the knowledge of which involves his life or fortunes, claims help, or becomes a guest, you find him frankly telling all his story, and meeting with ready belief. This is not truthfulness, but a high degree of confidence in the habit of mutual good offices; where any thing is to be gained by lying, there is no scrupulousness exhibited. In the same way a merchant thinks nothing of leaving his shop and goods in charge of a chance comer. Men mix together much more freely than with us, and the various classes have an unrestrained intercourse of which we have no idea. Distinctions of rank are accurately marked and universally respected. Partly from this very reason, they offer no barriers to free intercourse. A common slavery in matters of opinion, and an education little varied, makes the intellectual ground tolerably level and common to all. The laws and prejudices respecting the other sex tend also to make the social intercourse of men less hampered. Social demarcations of class are more created and upheld by women than by men; and Mr. Lane seems even to think that the freer and more varied intercourse their absence allows among men is cheaply purchased by the system of female seclusion and the custom of polygamy which he derives as a necessary sequence from it. He must be an enthusiastic Orientalist indeed who leans to the opinion that any gain from men can compensate for those advantages which the free intermixture of educated, or even uneducated, women brings into social companionship; yet it is not the less true that an easy and ready interchange of thought and

feeling among men of various classes, and a wider area of common life, are in themselves valuable things.

The display of character never forms a direct object of these tales, though special traits are sometimes the subject of the anecdotes with which they are intermingled. Indeed, the great marked feature of the moral conduct of the stories, the absence of any idea of a man working out his own fortunes, is inconsistent with any detailed development of personal character. You can scarcely in a tale of incident display what a man really is, unless you give him something to do in shaping the incident. He must have somewhat to show himself in. Besides, there do not exist under the control of the Mahommedan religion those great distinctions of personal character which are based in, and display themselves in, varieties of intellectual constitutions working to varied ideas and varied practical rules of life and action. The real prevalence of a certain uniformity, alike of convictions, endowment, and education, goes far to account for the fact that personal character occupies so small a space. A few broad moral contrasts are the only ones that are consciously set forth, and there is an entire absence of those distinctions, at once minute and far-reaching, in which the Western imagination loves so much to dwell. Fluency of speech, clemency, generosity, good faith, occupy one side of the picture; ingratitude, treachery, cruelty, the other. One man is only represented as distinguished from others by an excess or failure in certain obvious qualities which show on the surface of all men. Even when you think you have got something out of the common wheel-mark, you are disappointed to find how quickly it fades into commonplace. Thus, in one of the stories we hear of the Virgin Queen, of unsurpassable beauty, who professes a hatred of men, prides herself on her own preëminence, and isolates herself with her damsels in a wondrous garden of her own. One is curious to see how Tennyson's Princess appears to the Eastern mind: but it soon becomes plain that the lady's disposition is only one of those terrifying obstacles which beset the path of every Arabian adventurer; his presence suffices to overcome it, and the Amazonian maid falls straightway into love and matrimony, without exciting any remark or creating any difficulties. The only spark of her old habits

is displayed in her attending the assignation for her elopement in the costume of a warrior, and nearly frightening her lover out of his senses. Still, though there is nothing of what we call in modern writings development of character, and little indication of any refined distinctions, there is abundant evidence that the writers of these stories were sharp-sighted observers of the differences among men. Incidental traits break out, and you constantly feel that the writer has got a distinct and real conception of his hero and other imaginary personages: they all have body and substance, and it is certain that passing allusions, with which we are too little familiar to take note of, must have made the figures much more distinct to the Arabians themselves than they can be to us. The comic and humorous characters are often very well sustained; the loquacious barber is the best among them: but it is not easy to say that the stories show any very deep or subtle sense of humor; the faculty wants breadth, and shows itself either in sly half-veiled allusions, or in somewhat noisy farce. Lively situations are not uncommon, though the reader scarcely feels inclined to laugh as he falls backward, as the spectators are derisive for doing, and the point of the jesting fence often in hard blows. No doubt the comical like the evidence of character, loses much when laid before a Western mind. On the other hand, Eastern forms of expression often, to our apprehensions, carry a quaintness in their application probably not intended in the original, as when the fox tells the wolf who had hung by his tail, "Thou puldest me in such a manner that I *thought my soul had departed*." Throughout there is a sprightly and genial way of handling subjects of jest which could only have arisen among a people with a taste for wit and fun, and glad to take occasion for mirth and laughter.

One or two figures, indeed, stand distinct from the rest, not only in conventional prominence, but in the fullness and consistency with which they are drawn. First among these are the great Haroun Alraschid and his two satellites; and for this reason, more perhaps than any other, the interest of every reader centres in the tales in which they are concerned. Giafar and Mesroor leave independent impressions on us. The latter is the model of a chief executioner. He is not cruel, but perfectly remorseless, and goes about

with his master like some great bloodhound; makes him sport in a rude tumbling sort of manner; licks and fawns on the hand that feeds him; and, though harmless enough in a grim way, is ready to be hounded on at a moment's notice. Giafar, on the contrary, is the pleasantest and noblest picture in all the pages. His nature is far above his master's, and he preserves a dignity in his most prostrate humility, as if he bowed from affection and duty, not from selfish considerations. His voice is always on the side of mercy; his interpositions, respectful but earnest, come in often to save his great ruler from acts unworthy of him. Gracious, courteous, and generous, he softens and adorns the scene. In history, he and his race have won a name for the splendor of their carriage and the lavishness of their gifts, and some of the anecdotes translated in Mr. Lane's edition tell of signal instances of their bounty and delicacy. The following may be cited, though not so good an instance of the latter quality as some others:—

"Sa'eed the son of Sálím El-Báhílee saith, My circumstances became difficult in the time of Hároon Er-Rasheed; many debts were accumulated upon me, burdening my back, and I was unable to discharge them. My means were contracted, and I became perplexed, not knowing what to do; for payment was vehemently urged upon me, the persons to whom I was indebted surrounded my door, those who had demands to make crowded upon me, and the creditors constantly importuned me. Thus my invention of expedients was straightened, and my trouble of mind was excessive. So when I saw my affairs involved in difficulty, and my circumstances changed, I repaired to 'Abd-Allah the son of Málik El-Khuzá'ee, and besought him to aid me by his advice, and direct me to the door of relief by his good counsel; and he said, No one can save thee from thy trouble and anxiety and straightness and grief, except the Barmakees. I replied, and who can bear their pride, and endure their haughtiness?—Thou wilt bear that, he rejoined, for the sake of amending thy circumstances. I therefore rose from his presence and went to El-Fadl and Jaafar, the sons of Yahyá the son of Káhlid, related to them my case, and showed them my condition. And they said, May God give thee his aid, and render thee independent of his creatures by his beneficence, and liberally bestow on thee abundant prosperity, and grant thee sufficiency above any being beside him; for he is able to do

whatsoever he willeth, and is gracious unto his servants and acquainted with their wants.

"So I departed from them, and returned to 'Abd-Allah the son of Málik with contracted bosom, perplexed mind, and broken heart, and repeated to him what they had said; and he replied, It is expedient that thou remain to-day with us, that we may see what God (whose name be exalted!) will decree. I therefore sat with him a while; and, lo, my young man approached and said, O my master, at our door are many mules, with their loads; and with them is a man who saith, I am the agent of El-Fadl the son of Yahyá, and Jaafar the son of Yahyá. Upon this 'Abd-Allah the son of Málik said, I hope that relief hath approached thee: rise, then, and see what is the affair. Accordingly I rose from his presence, and hastened running to my house, and saw at my door a man with a note, in which was written,—

"When thou hadst been with us, and we had heard thy words, we repaired, after thy departure, to the Khaleefeh, and informed him that thou hadst been reduced to the ignominious necessity of begging; whereupon he commanded us to convey to thee, from the government treasury, a million pieces of silver. But we said to him, This money he will disburse to his creditors, and he will pay with it his debts; and whence is he to sustain himself? So he gave orders to present thee with three hundred thousand pieces of silver besides. And each of us also hath sent to thee, of his proper wealth, a million pieces of silver. The whole sum, therefore, is three millions and three hundred thousand pieces of silver, wherewith thou shalt amend thy circumstances and affairs.

"See, then, this generosity evinced by these noble persons. May God (whose name be exalted!) have mercy on them!"

The following verses contain a compliment to the father of these two which it would be difficult to surpass in its metaphorical elegance of flattery:—

"I asked Liberality, Art thou free? He answered, No; but I am the slave of Yahyá the son of Káhlid.

By purchase? said I.—God forbid! he answered; for he had me by inheritance from father after father."

The family fell at last, however, under the fell stroke of Nemesis, and experienced all the danger of companionship with kings, especially Eastern ones. The noble Giafar's end was a sad one—so sad that Mr. Lane fears that to know it would destroy half our pleasure in reading the tales in which he

figures, and with a quaint simplicity he begs us to pass over unread the passage in which he records it. He was crucified by the great Caliph he had so long served. Of the latter we are not to speak as he appears in history, but in fable. The lion is his emblem: mighty, magnificent, princely in his gifts, generous in his spirit, but with a certain moody vein, and a lurking fierceness that breaks out into ferocity sometimes. He plays with living men like a wanton child among his toys; sets this one up, breaks that one down; rewards what pleases him, and destroys what offends him. He loves to set wrongs right, not as a duty due from him, but because it is a royal exercise of power, and because it is pleasant to his nature to see justice done. He loves rather to redress the wrongs done by others than himself to preserve the even way. He obeys the impulse of the moment, and does not scruple to remove a servant who has nothing alleged against him, in order to make room for the favorite of an hour—one who has pleased him by some buffoonery, or the romantic story of his life. Even in his griefs he loves his jests; but they take a bitter savor sometimes from the disturbance in his own breast. The way in which he deals with the fisherman Kaleefeh, when he is mourning the loss of his favorite mistress, has in it something very characteristic both of the general disposition and the special mood assigned him. It relieves his mind to see and hear the buffoonery of the rude and half-witted fisherman, who had made him partner in his trade; but he seasons the jest of his reception in such a way as to show that he is in rather a dangerous mood for playing with. He takes a piece of paper and cuts it in pieces, and bids Giafar write on them twenty sums from one piece of gold to a thousand; and the posts of Walee and Emeer, from the least office to that of Wezeer; and twenty kinds of punishment, from the slightest punishment up to death; and then he swears that whichever of these papers the fisherman draws, he will give him that which is written upon it,—whether money or office or beating or amputation or death. Nor is the fisherman allowed any option as to drawing in this hazardous lottery. His first venture brings him a hundred blows, his second nothing, and his third a piece of gold, which in his estimation amply compensates him for the consequences of the first. The two latter drawings are, indeed,

made at the instance of Giafar, but with different motives from those under which the Caliph acts. Haroun is great in his generosity. It is a certain never-jarred magnanimity which makes him so great a figure in romance. This attribute never shows so well as in his frolics among the lower classes. He is always willing to take the consequences of his disguises; and all indignities, down to hard blows, are powerless to tempt him to play the game unfairly. He never attempts, as other princes have done, to combine the immunities of royalty with the freedom of private intercourse. He has an interior sense of vast superiority of station, and is free from any personal littleness; so that he can tell the tale against himself, and laugh freely with his courtiers over the rough tricks that he is sometimes exposed to. His anger is fierce and hasty; it lights on the first object at hand, and is indulged without compunction. It is easily appeased, however; he is as placable as he is passionate. He loves the amenities of life and all social enjoyments; makes noble requital for small services; and can even, on occasion, when his passions are not too deeply interested, submit to a sacrifice for the welfare of an inferior. The presence of this defined and imposing character, wielding irresponsible power and commanding unlimited resources, decked out, when he drops the veil and appears in his native splendor, with all that gorgeous display in which the Eastern imagination loves to revel,—this stately, magnificent centrepiece gives a certain unity and substance to this collection of tales, which even with its aid they too much want; for this book is, in many respects, a jumbled gathering; sets of incident serve, in more than one story, with but little variation, and many of the tales are insipid and prolix. It must be remembered we have not, either in Galland or Lane, any thing like the whole of these stories, but only the best of them; and even of those we have, there are a select few which are far more familiar to our memories than the others.

The position of Eastern women has been made the subject of much controversy. There is no doubt that the popular idea of the utter listlessness and slavish seclusion of the harem life is greatly overcharged, and that utterly wrong notions prevail as to the extent and workings of the Mahomedan polygamy. Many attempts have been made by better-in-

formed men to give correcter and broader views on these subjects, but without much success. It is still the received idea that the Mussulman has a set of apartments in which he keeps two or three wives and a number of slave concubines, all in suppliant expectation of the handkerchief; and that all Eastern women are practically slaves, systematically condemned, and definitively excluded from Paradise. That our familiarity with the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments* has not done more to create truer impressions, is probably due to the fact, that they in great measure describe the private lives of princes, of whom the former part of this description is in great measure true; and that these are just the parts which make the greatest impression on the imagination and memory. But a more dispassionate examination tells a different story, and leads to a juster appreciation of the position held by an Eastern lady, the influence she exercises, and the life she leads.

The polygamy sanctioned by Mahommed is no more like the coarse license of the Mormonites, than Eastern slavery is to be put on a level with the enormities and degradations of the American "domestic institution." Cairo, indeed, whose inhabitants may be taken as the modern representatives of those among whom, and for whom, these tales were written, is as full of vice as a town can well be, and the Egyptian Arabs are one of the most licentious races. But their license finds its scope in illicit intercourse and in the facilities of divorce, not in the practice of polygamy. It is odd, but there seems to be a fixed persuasion among Englishmen, that any man who has liberty to take four wives will avail himself of the privilege. Practically, however, this is not so. The proportion of the sexes; the friction of greatly-increased expense, each wife being entitled to separate apartments; the rivalries of women; and the very nature of the passion of love, which, however it may change, is exclusive while it lasts,—these things have raised barriers of expediency and custom which control the laxness of the prophet's indulgence. We know all this; but we do not bring it home to our minds for the correction of those undefined impressions which often remain, though we have learned them to be false, the active part of our knowledge. Monogamy is the normal form of domestic life in the East;

polygamy, even bigamy, the exception. Where it obtains, it is among the very highest and the lower classes,—where in the one case expense is no object, and where in the other a wife can be made to earn her own expenses and something more.

The Arabian tales point probably to a less corrupt state of manners than now prevails in the capital of Egypt; but in this respect we must not judge them by our translations. Mr. Lane's version is sedulously weeded of all that can offend the fastidiousness of modern taste in respectable writings. His book is intended to be safe and proper reading. Galland's version has, indeed, a certain coarseness, but it is that of the translator's time, and was meant to be for that time what Lane's is for our's; so that the ordinary reader can form no true impression of the ingrained licentiousness of many omitted stories, and the loose tone of others. "He who is unacquainted with the original," says Mr. Lane in one of his notes, "should be informed that it contains many passages which seem as if they were introduced for the gratification of the taste of the lowest class of the auditors of a public reciter at a coffee-shop. These passages exhibit to us persons of high rank, both men and women, as characterized by a grossness which is certainly not uncommon among Arabs of the inferior orders; but this is all that I can venture to assert; for although there are numerous anecdotes which might be adduced with a view of justifying our original in the cases here alluded to, they are obviously of suspicious authority."

Witty or tragic stories of the cunning devices and wickednesses of women have occupied a place in the literature of nearly all nations. The Hindoo collections are almost made up of them; they abound in the middle-age stories of Europe, of which even such parts as may be borrowed from the East bear evidence to native tastes in their selection, their popularity, and their treatment. Little weight, therefore, is to be placed on the presence of this class of anecdotes in the *Arabian Nights*, and no sensible man would take them as an indication of female character in general. It is because they are exceptional that they attract so much attention. They represent only the universally recognized fact, that women, living for the most part in a higher moral atmosphere than men, sink, when they do sink, more suddenly and irretrievably; and

that such lapses, and the extraordinary display of resource and energy with which wicked women pursue wicked courses, have an irresistible attraction for the imaginations of men. It is in the assumptions of the general run of narratives that the truest evidence as to social conditions and ideas is to be found. Prominent among these is the entire absence of the Western idea of some conformity of tastes, disposition, and character, as necessary to attachment and matrimonial compacts. Perhaps we have little enough of it; but there is no sign whatever of it in these stories. No man ever dreams of selecting a woman for any thing beyond her personal charms and one or two superficial accomplishments. When the two Calenders are offered in marriage to the two ladies whose crimes had so justly incurred the transformation to which they were subjected, they accept them without any misgivings: man and wife have no common life to lead together; the latter is always really looked on as a sort of possession to minister to her husband in his hours of ease and enjoyment, and if she makes herself disagreeable she can easily be got rid of. Indeed, any marriages commenced in individual selection and attachment are the romance, not the reality, of Arab life. Still, in romance such marriages are represented as bringing permanent happiness: the lovers live happily till they die, as with us; and no doubt in actual life love grows up, and habit and common love of children rivet close the domestic alliance, however inauspiciously commenced. Though secluded from the sight of men, the women enjoy more liberty than we are apt to suppose, and those who are unmarried seem to have considerable control over their own actions and property. We constantly have the incident of a lady, living in a house of her own, fixing her affections on some fortunate youth whom she has seen by chance, inviting him to her home, and marrying him; often, too, dying opportunely, and leaving him in possession of her wealth.

Though debarred from the society of men, the women have plenty of intercourse one with another, and visit freely at one another's houses. We are too apt also to think of every Eastern woman as either a wife or a concubine, to forget that a man is often in daily intercourse with his near female relations, and that a mother especially, who seems always to continue in the house of her mar-

ried son, is treated with much respect, and exercises a high degree of influence. The peculiarity of the social state is, that there are two worlds,—one of men associating among themselves, and another of women doing the same; and these two worlds scarcely touch except at points of individual connection. Love is little more than passion, and, if permanent, habit. There are, indeed, some stories of long and faithful attachments preserved under difficulties; but these, wherever such a virtue is assigned to a man at least, seem to have mostly a foreign origin. The tales of adventure, in which the hero pursues through a long course of difficulties the object of his affection, seem to be of Persian birth, and to represent to a great extent, ideas derived from a religious system and social conditions very different from those of Mahomedanism. In most of the tales love is represented either as a fancy which toys elegantly with its object, or as a sharp gusty storm which overwhelms the victim of it; the Arab always expresses great suffering when deeply in love. All the forms of emotion want that element of steadiness, depth, and softness, which we express in the word "feelings." They are dispersed, fleeting, sensuous, violent. When lovers meet, they faint with emotion, and have to be restored with rose-water; when separated, they take to their beds and shed floods of tears. No words can picture the anguish of a disappointed attachment, no tears give vent to desires delayed in their fruition; the beauty and the sweetness of the beloved can only find expression in the utmost extravagance of metaphor. The lover attains his end, marries the object of his ardent passion, lives in a state of divine enjoyment; and when death, so characteristically termed the Terminator of Delights, deprives him of her, he all but perishes of grief. Sometimes he does perish; but if not, an indulgent sultan always has it in his power to restore him to happiness by presenting him with a slave-girl even more beautiful and accomplished than the wife he had lost. It is not only the emotion of love which is thus transient and violent; grief, joy, fear, envy, amazement, any strong excitement of these passions in man or woman, is described as being attended with fainting fits, scarcely to be distinguished from death. There is one sensitive Emeer, indeed, who is thus affected by even the records of past grandeur inscribed in the City of Brass; every

tablet deprives him of his senses, and only by frequent resuscitations is he enabled to complete his antiquarian researches.

The love of ease and of sensual enjoyment are deeply impressed in every line of the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*, most deeply in those which are most clearly of Arab and Mahomedan origin. The sensual promises of their religious were adapted to the constitutions of those among whom it originated, and have deeply reacted on their imaginations and habits. Their highest ideal of enjoyment is represented in the often-recurring incident of some happy man who, by fortunate accident, arrives at an enchanted palace, where forty beautiful damsels receive him with open arms, serve him with delicious viands, perfumed baths, and wine, and in whose society he is described as passing a year or years in unsatiated enjoyment. This is the bliss supreme, the highest fancy can conceive; and to be cast out from it warrants all the depths of dejection, or even of despair. But these enjoyments, sensual though they be, cover a wide range, and indicate no despicable degree of refinement and delicacy. The arts, indeed, are made ministers to the senses; but a love of beauty always accompanies and gives a grace to their indulgence. The Arabian idea of female loveliness is a high one, and in the main a true and natural one; and the object of his affections must be not only beautiful in person, she must be graceful in action, sweet-voiced, and accomplished of speech; and the narrator places his lovers among scenes which shall be in keeping with themselves,—in noble gardens of adorned palaces, amid the play of fountains and the song of birds; wine must have music to attend it, and wit and eloquence give a charm to convivial intercourse. There is always something highly artificial in the taste displayed. Adornment is essential to the Arabian idea of beauty. The women must use kohl and henna, and be odorous with perfumes, and both they and the men be clad in rich and jewelled garments; the houses must be adorned with gilding, bright coloring, and intricate ornamentation of form; the gardens contain beautiful buildings, the birds be confined in golden cages, the water play in fountains, the drinking-cups be gold, and the attendants young and graceful. Neatness, grace, and a cleanliness which, though it may differ from some of our ideas in its requisites,

is most precise and scrupulous, are everywhere shown as habitual, almost instinctive, qualities. The sphere of indulgence is widened in every possible direction; but though it is refined, it is never elevated. Wit and narrative power contribute to amusement, and intellectual qualities are highly respected; but their simple exercise is rarely, if ever, represented as a source of enjoyment. Indeed, it is rarely that enjoyment is described as being found in exertion of any kind. One would have expected that war, predatory excursions, the triumphs of arms, would have found a place in the imaginative literature of the Arabs. But it is not so in these tales; even hunting is not mentioned with much zest. This shows, we think, conclusively, that the form in which we possess the book is, as Mr. Lane supposes, of city origin; and those tales are infinitely the best and the most characteristic which deal with city life and city intrigues and adventures. These have a distincter human interest than the others; they are better written, the details are more sharp, the characters more life-like, the tone more dramatic; and every thing indicates that the writer is at home on his own ground, and dealing with scenes and habits familiar to him. Moreover there do exist one or two romances independent of the *Arabian Nights* which represent the real Arab desert life, and are occupied with the wars of tribes and the prowess of particular Bedouin chieftains.

It is curious how little prominence is given to slavery. There seems never to have been a society in which its chains pressed so lightly, and in which the slave was so little oppressed, and so nearly on a level, in points of ease and comfort, with the master. No sense of degradation seems to affect their intercourse: it is much more familiar than that of domestic servants in England. This indeed, is not to be wondered at, for familiarity easily springs up where there is complete dependence and unquestioned authority; but the Eastern slave advises, remonstrates, expostulates with his master, and enjoys a degree of self-respect and free-will utterly opposed to the ideas we have derived from the system of Transatlantic slavery. Among Mahomedans the slave has defined rights and a legal status. The humane provisions of the Koran have been seconded by the disposition of the people. Indulgent to themselves, they are indulgent to others; and though liable to the excesses

of sudden passion, they are not guilty of the callous disregard of suffering, and the systematised enforcement of degradation, which obtains where slaves are at once objects of fear and ministers to cupidity. There is, of course, nothing of the antipathy of race, and intermarriages on the part of either sex with slaves are treated as not uncommon; but by the law a person's own slave must be set free before a marriage can be contracted between them.

The practical working of the Mahomedan law, in its religious aspect, is a matter which deserves more attention than it has hitherto received from Christians. We know something of the rites and institutions established by the Koran, and of its main effects as a system of law and polity; but of what it may be as a religion for individuals we have little or no idea. It is not to be expected that the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments* should throw much light on the subject, nor do they. A constant sense of dependence on the Deity, and an exclamatory admiration of his power, are the main evidences of religious feeling. The Egyptian Arabs seem to have a good deal of reliance on the exact observance of ritual and dogma, and vastly to prefer moral phrases to moral practice. They make acute and wise observations, some of which are introduced in poetical forms into the course of the stories. Thus we are told—

"Sow good, even on an unworthy soil; for it will not be fruitless wherever it is sown,
Verily good, though it remain long buried,
none will reap but he who sowed it."

And in another place—

"Beware of losing hearts in consequence of injury, for the bringing them back, after flight, is difficult.

Verily hearts, when affection hath fled from them, are like glass, which, when broken, cannot be made whole again."

We have said that the imaginative power displayed in these works is less characterised by firmness of grasp and depth than by quickness and versatility; but it is very remarkable in its kind. The supernatural world of spirits is handled with all the confidence of unshaken conviction, and with an extraordinary reach of fancy. The hideousness of the Efreet, and his snoring so hard that gravel and sand are drawn up by his breath, makes, or once did make, a vast impression on us; and who has not shuddered to the marrow in reading of the man who married the Ghoul, and, as-

tonished at her only picking up grains of rice by day for her sustenance, followed her out at night and spied her horrid orgies in the grave-yard? The breaking of the bottles sealed with Solomon's seal, and the emerging of the "Jinn," rising like smoke till his stature reaches to the skies, is a scene which has scarcely any rival in picturesqueness of effect. The poetical similes, though sometimes strained, have often a recondite beauty, as when we are told of the daughter of the king of China, than whom "God had created none more beautiful," that her black hair was "as the nights of emigration and separation, and her face as the days of union." The too common defect is the tendency to run into extravagance; mere accumulation defeats its end, and crushes the centre point of faith around which fancy builds: accounts of the fights of millions of Jinns, of armies of wild-beasts and crowds of devils, only weary us, and we are overwhelmed rather than excited by some of the descriptions of impossible wealth and magnificence. The description of the dead damsel sitting in state in the City of Brass is a fine example both of accumulated and artificial splendor:—

"And they found in it a great dome constructed of stones gilded with red gold. The party had not beheld, in all that they had seen, any thing more beautiful than it. And in the midst of that dome was a great dome-crowned structure of alabaster, around which were lattice-windows, decorated, and adorned with oblong emeralds, such as none of the kings could procure. In it was a pavilion of brocade, raised upon columns of red gold, and within this were birds, the feet of which were of emeralds; beneath each bird was a net of brilliant pearls, spread over a fountain; and by the brink of the fountain was placed a couch adorned with pearls and jewels and jacinths, whereon was a damsel resembling the shining sun. Eyes had not beheld one more beautiful. Upon her was a garment of brilliant pearls, on her head was a crown of red gold with a fillet of jewels, on her neck was a necklace of jewels in the middle of which were refulgent gems, and upon her forehead were two jewels the light of which was like that of the sun; and she seemed as though she were looking at the people, and observing them to the right and left. . . . And as to the couch upon which was the damsel, it had steps, and upon the steps were two slaves, one of them white, and the other black; and in the hand of one of them was a weapon of steel, and in the hand of the other a jewelled sword that blinded the eyes."

While the fancy in its various and often impassioned flight shows the fervor of the Eastern disposition, the whole style of the narrator is rather in keeping with his quietness and indolence. There is no hurry about it, no skipping from incident to incident; you must travel over all the intermediate ground, and sometimes at a very slow pace; no details are omitted if they lie in the way, however unimportant themselves and destitute of bearing on the event. An English novelist tells you that his hero called on a lady, and goes on to what passed at the interview: but the writer of the *Arabian Nights* would tell you how he knocked at the door and rang; how it was opened to him by a servant clad in black apparel; how he entered, and having taken off his hat, ascended the stairs and was ushered in. The enormous variety of incident gathered together in these stories is not, of course, the product of a single mind, but accumulated from various sources; so also probably the framework of the various stories; but the moulding of them into their present form seems to have been the work of a single hand, and must have required no commonplace powers. When we consider also that those tales which are infinitely the best are those which, from the internal evidence of their homogeneousness, and their more modern and local character, seem to have been most peculiarly the author's own,

we shall feel that no small tribute of admiration is due to the genius of the unknown enchanter, whose magic influence has exercised its charm upon so countless a multitude of readers.

Mr. Lane cannot be said to have been a very profound observer; but he was a very close and accurate one, and relates his impressions with simplicity and distinctness. His residence in Egypt before Frankish influence had much affected original manners, his command of the language, his observance of native habits, and his personal acquaintance among Mahommedans,—furnished him with opportunities which perhaps no other European has enjoyed in an equal degree, of which no other has, at least, in the same degree availed himself; and his translation of the *Thousand and One Nights*, read in conjunction with illustrative notes and the same author's *Modern Egyptians*, afford materials for an insight into Mahommedan life, especially as it appears among the Egyptian Arabs, which can be obtained from no other source. The new edition of Mr. Lane's translation, now before us, is furnished with a well-written introduction and some additional notes by the present editor. The beauty of the illustrations, and the care with which they are executed, speak for themselves and require no comment.

LIFE OF GARIBALDI.—We are indebted to Brown, Taggard & Chase for a copy of a timely and interesting work just issued by A. S. Barnes & Burr of New York, entitled "The Life of Garibaldi: written by himself. With Sketches of his Companions in Arms." Translated by his friend and admirer, Theodore Dwight." The work is one of peculiar interest, as it is the autobiography of the most distinguished soldier now on the stage of action, whose career has displayed extraordinary and admirable traits of character. The earlier periods of Garibaldi's life are narrated in a simple and natural manner: but later scenes in which he has been engaged are, in great part, introduced in descriptions of his own and official reports of various military movements and battles, which have been specially translated for this work. Mr.

Dwight has ample qualifications for the service he has undertaken. He visited Italy during the revolution of 1820 and 1821, has been for years on terms of intimacy with the most devoted Italian patriots, he is the author of a brief history of "The Roman Republic of 1849," and he has translated this autobiography of Garibaldi from his own private manuscripts, so that the details of the life of the brave soldier were mostly written by his own pen. The volume throws much light upon recent movements in Italy, and cannot fail to interest and instruct American readers. The facts presented show the hero of the work to possess a pure and noble heart, a character eminently humane and disinterested, and a patriotism that has been fully tested on various occasions.—*Transcript.*

THE CURATE'S FIRESIDE.

I HAVE one only daughter,
But she is more to me
Than if I had a score or 40
To cluster round my knee;
And ne'er by boon-companion
Was idler's time beguiled,
As the curate's leisure moments
By the prattle of his child.

My worthy friend and vicar,
The Reverend Mr. Blount,
Of little rosy children
Has more than he can count;
And the good man smiles serenely,
And pats them on the head,
With a hearty benediction,
When they toddle off to bed.

My brother-curate Webster,
O'er Mr. Malthus pores,
Thinks only bachelors are blessed,
And babies only bores;
Says curates must not marry;
For 'tis his rule in life—
First get a good fat living,
And then a wealthy wife.

I envy not the vicar
His patriarchal glee,
When the thirteenth Blount lies choking
Across his nurse's knee;
Nor yet the unhappy Webster,
His lodgings lone and bleak
(With linen and attendance,
At one pound five a week).

I wait for no fat living;
I heed not paltry pelf;
'Twas not for that I wooed my wife,
But for her "ain" dear self;
Though she had brought a dowry
Were fit for peer or prince,
'Twere nothing to the treasure
That she hath borne me since.

For oh! when home returning
Dispirited, unstrung,
There's magic in our Mary's laugh,
There's music on her tongue;
And her dark eyes flash and sparkle;
And the color mounts her cheek,
As words come crowding faster
Than her little lips can speak.

And so, when sad and weary
From scenes of care and sin;
Where foul diseases rage without,
And fouler lusts within;
Where so much is dark and dreary,
Where all is sin-defiled,
I thank God for the innocence
About my little child.

Dear to the Christian pastor
The flock he's charged to keep;
Dear for His sake who gave him
The message, "Feed my sheep."
Oft prays he for the erring:

"Lord, guard them when they roam;"

But the fondest prayers are aye for one—

The little lamb at home!

—Chambers's Journal.

J. H. Hied

AGATHA AT THE GATE.

REACHING up at the roses

That flame in the Summer air,
Scarce deigning a glance at me
Loitering, lingering there,
Loving her—how could I help it
She's worthy a kingly mate—
Fairer than any blossom there,
Was Agatha at the gate.

She plucked a bud and I envied it;
Did it not touch her hand?
I would rather have one smile from her,
Than a Baron's rank and land;
But when I begged and prayed for a flower,
Slain I was with a look:
"Give you my roses! No, not I
To waste in your herbal book."

With a laugh like the tinkle of silver bells,
She fled down the garden path,
And by and by the sun went down
Glowing in Summer wrath;
But there I stood where she left me,
Until the night grew late,
Thinking and dreaming only
Of Agatha at the gate.

Tripping back in the moonlight,
Hamming a merry song,
Wondering where she had left her gloves,
Agatha danced along.
But, ah! she could not find them,
(I suppose it must be confessed),
The trim little gloves were hidden
Safe, and close to my breast.

Startled she was when I stepped out
From under the shade of the tree;
And she pouted her cherry lips at me—
Beautiful, naughty tease.
But I caught her little white hands in mine;
"Agatha, you are my fate;
I love you, the sweetest maiden that ever
Stood at a garden gate."

The little white hands struggled hard to escape,
But I held them fast in mine:
"Not till you answer my question,
Either by word or sign."
Once more—I love you, love you!
Love, I seek your heart;
By word or sign now tell me,
Shall I stay—or depart?"

The little white hands were passive and still;
I held them at my grace;
A tear-drop glittered on her cheek
As she raised that sweetest face;
She blushed her love, and nestled close
As a dove beside her mate;
And I lifted her rosy mouth and kissed
My Agatha at the gate.

DEEPER and deeper still, Mary Cave found herself engulfed in the whirlpool of political intrigue. Almost the only courtier of the Queen's party who united activity of brain to uncompromising resolution, who was capable of strong effort and sound reflection, unwarped and unfettered by the promptings of self-interest, she had insensibly become the principal link that connected the policy of Merton College with the wiser counsels of the King's honest advisers. It was no womanly office she thus found herself compelled to undertake. False as is the position of a mediator between parties neither of whom are essentially quite sincere, it becomes doubly so when that mediator is one of the softer sex. She must guide the helm with so skilful a hand, she must trim the boat with so careful an eye; she must seize her opportunities so deftly, or make them so skilfully; and through it all she must exercise so jealous a vigilance over her own weaknesses, and even her own reputation, distinguishing so nicely between public duty and private feeling—doing such constant violence to her own affections and her own prejudices—that it is not too much to say nothing *but* a woman is capable of reconciling all these conflicting necessities into one harmonious whole. Yet it is not womanly to encourage admirers up to a certain point, in order to obtain their secrets, and then make use of them for a political purpose; it is not womanly to promote likings and dislikings between individuals of opposite sexes, or otherwise, for the furtherance of a State intrigue; it is not womanly to be in correspondence with half a dozen ambitious and unprincipled men, some of them profligates whose very names in connection with a lady were sufficient to blast her fair fame forever; and it is not womanly to have but one object in life, to which duty, inclination, happiness must be sacrificed, and that object a political one.

Mary sat reading her letters on the very sofa that Bosville had occupied during his convalescence in Sir Giles Allonby's house at Oxford. It was a day off duty with the Queen, and she had come to spend it with her kind old kinsman and his daughter. The two ladies were alone; and contrary to their wont, an unbroken silence, varied only by the pattering of a dismal winter rain against the window, was preserved between them. Grace

sat musing over her work, and seemed buried in thought. She looked paler and thinner than usual, and her eye had lost the merry sparkle that used so to gladden Sir Giles. It was less like her mother's now, so thought the old knight; and his heart bounded after all those years to reflect how that mother had never known sorrow, and had told him on her death-bed that "she was sure she was only taken away because her lot in this world had been too happy." Aye! you may well laugh on, Sir Giles, and troll out your loyal old songs, and drink and ride and strike for the King! Roystering, careless, war-worn veteran as you seem to be, there are depths in that stout old heart of yours that few have sounded; and when "little Gracey" is settled and provided for, you care not how soon you go to join that gentle, loving lady, whom you still see many and many a night in your dreams, walking in her white dress in the golden summer evenings under the lime-trees at home; whom your simple faith persuades you you shall look on again with the same angel-face, to part from nevermore. And where is the Sadducee who shall say you nay?

Meantime, Sir Giles is drilling a newly raised levy of cavalry on Bullingdon Common, notwithstanding the wet; and Grace sits pensive over her work; and Mary reads her letters with a flushed cheek and a contracted brow; and a restless unquiet look in her deep blue eye that has got there very often of late, and that denotes any thing but repose of mind. Suddenly she starts and turns pale as she peruses one elaborately written missive, scented and silk-bound, and inscribed "These for Mistress Mary Cave. Ride, ride, ride!" according to the polite manner of the time. A look of consummate scorn passes over her features as she reads it through once more, but her face is still white; and she drops it from her hand upon the carpet, unmarked by her preoccupied companion. Here it is:—

"*These for Mistress Mary Cave.*"

"GENTLE MISTRESS MARY—Deign to accept the heartfelt good wishes, none the less sincere for that the heart hath been pierced and mangled by the glances of your bright eyes, of the humblest of your slaves; and scorn not at the same time to vouchsafe your favor and interest to one who, languishing to be parted from so much beauty as he hath left at Oxford, and specially at Merton College, where Mistress Mary reigns second to

none, still endeavoreth to fulfil his duty religiously to the King and to her Majesty, as Mistress Mary esteems to be the *devoir* of a knight who hath placed himself under her very feet. The good cause in which it is my pride that we are fellow-laborers, languisheth somewhat here in Gloucestershire, more from want of unity in counsel than from any lack of men and munitions of war in the field. Would his blessed Majesty but vouchsafe to confer upon your knight and slave a separate and independent command, it is not too much to say that it would be in my power to make short work and a speedy account of Waller, who lieth with a goodly force of cavalry within ten miles of me. It was but last Monday that a small body of my 'lambs,' taking their orders directly from myself, beat up his quarters within a mile of Gloucester, and drove off seventeen of his horses, besides considerable spoil, of which I thought the less as compared with that which might be done but for the impracticable nature of the Commander-in-Chief. Gentle Mistress Mary! it would not be unbecoming in you to implore our gracious and passionately-adored Queen to hint to his blessed Majesty that I do indeed but desire to receive my orders under his own hand, as I should in this wise have more authority to guide the council of the army thereby to obedience; and as my requests are mostly denied out-of-hand by Prince Rupert, at whose disposal nevertheless I remain for life and death, as his Majesty's nephew and loving kinsman, I would humbly beg a positive order from his Majesty for my undertakings, to dispose the officers more cheerfully to conduct them, and to assure his Majesty that the least intimation of his pleasure is sufficient to make me run through all manner of difficulties and hazard to perform my duty, and to prove myself entirely and faithfully devoted to his sacred service. As Mistress Mary hath the key to the heart of our beauteous and beloved Sovereign, whose will must ever be law with all who come within the sphere of her enchantments, methinks that a word spoken in season under the roof of Merton College will more than fulfil all my most ardent desires, and leave me nothing to grieve for, save that which must ever cause me to languish in hopeless sorrow—the adoration which it is alike my pride and grief to entertain for the fairest and proudest dame that adorns our English Court.

"From intelligence I receive at sure and friendly hands, I learn that Wilmot is wavering; and some speech is even abroad of a treasonable correspondence with Essex, and an intercepted letter from Fairfax, which is to be laid before the Council.

"Such treachery would merit a summary dismissal from his office, and clemency in this

case could scarcely be extended to an officer of so high a rank.

"Digby, too, is far from being unsuspected; and should these two commands become vacant, it would be a fertile opportunity for the uniting of his Majesty's whole body of horse under one independent head, acting conjointly with Prince Rupert, who would still remain Commander-in-Chief, but deriving his authority direct from the hand of his blessed Majesty-himself.

"Should events work in this direction, I can safely confer in your discretion to select a proper time at which to whisper in the Queen's ear the humble name of, sweet Mistress Mary,

"Your most passionately-devoted and faithful knight and humble slave,

"GEORGE GORING.

"*Post scriptum*.—The dispatches alluded to in one hundred and six Cipher have arrived. They are duplicate, and were delivered to me yesterday by an honest serving-man, who narrowly escaped with his life and his letters from a party of Waller's horse.

"His master, it seems, was sorely wounded, and led off prisoner into Gloucester. This is of less account as his dispatches are in cipher, and the duplicates are safe. He is one Master Bosville, with whom I am personally well acquainted, and whom Mistress Mary may deign to remember when lying wounded by the weapon of her own true knight and slave.

"He is a good officer, and a mettlesome lad too. I would fain have him back with us, but have nothing to exchange against him but a couple of scribes and a canting Puritan divine; the latter I shall probably hang. Once more—Fare thee well!"

It was the *post scriptum*, written in her correspondent's own natural off-hand style, and very different from the stilted and exaggerated form of compliment and innuendo contained in the body of the letter, which drove the blood from Mary's cheek, and caused her bosom to heave so restlessly beneath her bodice, her slender foot to beat so impatiently upon the floor. Wounded and a prisoner!—and this so soon after his illness, when weak and scarcely recovered from the consequences of his duel. And it was her doing—hers! whom he loved so madly, the foolish boy!—who counted his life as nothing at the mere wave of her hand. Why was she so eager to get him this majority, for which she had so implored her unwilling and bantering mistress? Why had she sent him off in such a hurry, before he was half recovered, and hardly strong enough to sit upon his horse?

And then of course he had fought—so like him! when his servant wisely ran away. And the stern Puritans had struck his weakened frame to the earth! Ah! he was a strong bold horseman when he was well, and a match for the best of them; but now his arm was powerless, though his courage was as high as ever. And perhaps they had slashed his handsome face—how handsome it was! and what kind eyes those were that used to meet hers so timidly and gently—and he was a prisoner—wounded, perhaps dying. And she shut her eyes and fancied she saw him, pale and faint, in his cell—alone, too, all alone. No, that should never be! She picked the letter up, and once more she read it through from beginning to end, scarcely noting the fulsome compliments the strain of selfish intrigue, and only dwelling on the ill-omened and distressing *post scriptum* which Goring had written so lightly; but in which, to do him justice, the reckless General showed more feeling than he generally did; and even as she read she would fain have given utterance to her grief, and wrung her hands and wept aloud.

Self-command, however, we need not now observe, was a salient point in Mary Cave's character. Whatever she may have known, or whatever she may have suspected, she looked at Grace's pale face and dejected attitude and held her tongue. There was a sisterly feeling between these two far stronger than was warranted by their actual relationship. Ever since their late intimacy, which had grown closer and closer in the quiet shades of Boughton, Mary had seemed to take care of her gentle friend, Grace in return looking up to her protectress with confiding attachment; and yet there was a secret between them—a secret at which neither ventured to hint, yet with which each could not but suspect the other was acquainted. But they never came to an explanation, notwithstanding. We believe women never do. We believe that, however unreservedly they may confide in a brother, a lover, or a husband, they never lay their hearts completely bare before one of their own sex. Perhaps they are right; perhaps they know each other too well.

There was yet another difficulty in Mary's path, for to succor Bosville at all hazards we need hardly say she had resolved, even on

her first perusal of the letter. In whom was she to confide? to whom could she entrust the secret of his failure and capture without letting the bad news reach Grace's ears? Sir Giles?—the stout old Cavalier never could keep a secret in his life; his child would worm it all out of him the first time she sat on his knee for two minutes after supper. The Queen?—that volatile lady would not only put the very worst construction upon her motives, but would detail the whole of the confidence reposed in her to each of her household separately, under strict promises of secrecy, no doubt, which would be tantamount to a general proclamation by the herald king-at-arms.

Of the courtiers she could scarcely bethink herself of one who was not so busily engaged in some personal and selfish intrigue as to have no room for any other consideration whatsoever, who would not scruple to sacrifice honor and mercy and good feeling merely to score up, so to speak, another point in the game. What to do for Bosville and how to do it—this was the problem Mary had to solve; and resolute as she generally was, full of expedients and fertile in resources, she was now obliged to confess herself fairly at her wit's end.

It so fell out, however, that the blind deity whom men call Chance, and gods Destiny, who never helps us till we are at the very utmost extremity, befriended Mary through the medium of the very last person about the Court in whom she would have dreamt of confiding—an individual who perhaps was more selfish, intriguing, and reckless than all the rest of the royal circle put together, but who, being a woman, and consequently born an angel, had still retained a scarce perceptible leavening of the celestial nature from which she had fallen.

As Mary sat that evening, pensive and graver than her wont, in the Queen's withdrawing-room, Lady Carlisle crossed the apartment with her calm brow and decorous step, and placed herself by her side. She liked Mary Cave, as far as it was in her nature to like one of her own sex. Perhaps she recognized in Mary somewhat of her own positive character—the uncompromising force of will that, for good or for evil, marches directly on towards its purpose steadfast and unwavering, not to be moved from the path

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by any consideration of danger or of pity, and like the volume of a mighty river forcing its way through every obstacle with silent energy.

She sat quietly down by Mary's side and heaved a deep sigh, with a sympathizing and plaintive expression of countenance, like a consummate actress as she was.

"It is bad news I have to break to you, Mistress Cave," she whispered, bending her graceful head over the other's work, "if indeed you know it not already. That handsome Captain Bosville who was stabbed by Goring, has fallen into the hands of the rebels! Jermyn only heard it this evening; I think he is telling the Queen now. They have got him in prison at Gloucester, as far as we can learn. He must be saved by some means. Heaven forefend he should be sacrificed by those villains!"

Mary's heart was full: she could only falter out the word "exchanged."

"Exchanged!" repeated Lady Carlisle, now thoroughly in earnest. "Do you not know—have you not heard? Since they hanged our Irish officers in the north the Council has ordered reprisals. Fairfax, Ireton, Cromwell—all of them are furious. They will hang every Royalist prisoner they take now! It was but last week Prince Rupert strung thirteen Roundheads upon one oak tree: they must have heard of it by this time. Poor Bosville is in the utmost danger. We talked of it but now in the presence-chamber. Even Jermyn is in despair. Alas! 'tis a sad business."

Mary turned sick and white. Was it even

CHAPTER XX.—THE MAN OF DESTINY.

In an open space, long since built over by an increasing population, but forming at the time of which we write alternately a play and drill-ground for the godly inhabitants of Gloucester, is drawn up a regiment of heavy cavalry, singularly well appointed as to all the details of harness and horseflesh which constitute the efficiency of dragons. The troopers exhibit strength, symmetry, and action, bone to carry the stalwart weight of their riders, and blood to execute the forced marches and rapid evolutions which are the very essence of cavalry tactics. The men themselves are worthy of a close inspection. Picked from the flower of England's yeomanry, from the middle class of farmers and petty squires of the northern and eastern

so? The room seemed to spin round with her, and Lady Carlisle's voice was as the rush of many waters in her ear.

"It is hopeless to talk of exchanges," proceeded her ladyship in a tone of real pity for the too obvious distress of her listener. She had once had a soft place in that corrupted heart, aye, long before she was dazzled with Strafford's fame, or lured by Pym's political influence; before she had sold her lovely womanhood for a coronet, and bartered the peace she could never know again for empty splendor. "Interest must be made with the Parliament. Some of the rising rebels must be cajoled. Essex is in disgrace with them now, and Essex is of no use, or I had brought the prisoner safe off with my own hand in a week from this day. But they are all alike, my dear, Courtiers and Puritans, generals and statesmen, Cavaliers and Roundheads, all are men, weak and vain, all are alike fools, and all are alike to be won. An effort must be made, and we can save him."

"What would you do?" gasped poor Mary, her self-command now completely deserting him.

"Do!" repeated her ladyship, with her soft lisping voice and dimpled smile; "I would beg him a free pardon if I dragged Cromwell round the room on my bare knees for it, or die with him," she added beneath her breath, "if I really cared one snap of the fingers about the man!"

She was no coward, my Lady Carlisle, and there was more of the tigress about her than the mere beauty of her skin.

counties, their fine stature and broad shoulders denote that physical strength which independent agricultural labor so surely produces, whilst their stern brows, grave faces, and manly unright bearing, distinguish them from such of their fellows as have not yet experienced the inspiration derived from military confidence mingled with religious zeal. These are the men who are firmly persuaded that on their weapons depends the government of earth and heaven; that they are predestined to win dominion here and glory hereafter with their own strong arms; that their paradise like that of the Moslem enthusiast, is to be won sword-in-hand, and that a violent death is the surest passport to eternal life. Fanatics are they, and of the wildest class, but they are

also stern disciplinarians. Enthusiasm is a glorious quality, no doubt, but it has seldom turned the tide of a general action when unsupported by discipline: it is the combination of the two that is *invincible*. Thus did the swarms of the great Arab Impostor overrun the fairest portion of Europe, and the chivalrous knights of the Cross charge home with their lances in rest at Jerusalem. Thus in later times were the high-couraged Royalists broken and scattered at Marston Moor, and the tide of victory at Naseby turned to a shameful and irrevocable defeat. Deep as is the influence of religious zeal, doubly as is that man armed who fights under the banner of righteousness, it is over life and not death that it exercises its peculiar sway. A high sense of honor, a reckless spirit of ambition, the romantic enthusiasm of glory, will face shot and steel as fearlessly as the devout confidence of faith; and the drinking, swaggering, unprincipled troopers of Goring, Lunsford, and such as they, for a long time proved a match, and more than a match, for the godly soldiers of the Parliament. It was the "Threes Right!"—the steady confidence inspired by drill, that turned the scale at last: that confidence and that drill the grim Puritan dragoons are now acquiring on the parade-ground at Gloucester.

They sit their horses as only Englishmen can, the only seat, moreover, that is at all adapted to the propulsive powers of an English horse, a very different animal from that of any other country. They are armed with long straight cut-and-thrust swords, two-edged and basket-hilted, glittering and sharp as razors, with large horse-pistols of the best locks and workmanship, with the short handy musketoon, deadly for outpost duty, and hanging readily at the hip. Breastplates and backpieces of steel enhance the confidence inspired by faith, and the men ride to and fro in their armor with the very look and air of invincibles. Yes, these are the Ironsides—the famous Ironsides that turned the destinies of England!

They are drawn up in open column, waiting for the word of command. Their squadrons are dressed with mathematical precision; their distances correct to an inch—woe be to the culprit, officer or soldier, who fails in the most trifling of such *minutiae*. The eye of the commander would discover him in a twinkling—that commander sitting there so square

and erect on his good horse. Like all great men, he is not above detail: he would detect a button awry as readily as the rout of a division.

He scans his favorite regiment with a quick, bold, satisfied glance—the glance of a practised workman at his tools. There is no peculiarity in his dress or appointments to distinguish him from a simple trooper, his horse is perhaps the most powerful and the speediest on the ground, and he sits in the saddle with a rare combination of strength and ease; in every other respect his exterior is simple and unremarkable. He even seems to affect a plainness of attire not far removed from sloth, and in regard to cleanliness of linen and brightness of accoutrements presents a striking contrast to Fairfax, Harrison, and other of the Parliamentary officers who vie with their Cavalier antagonists in the splendor of their apparel.

It is the man's voice that arrests immediate attention. Harsh and deep, there is yet something so confident and impressive in its tones, that the listener feels at once its natural element is command, aye, command, too, when the emergency is imminent, the storm at its greatest violence. It forces him to scan the features and person of the speaker, and he beholds a square, powerful man of middle stature, loosely and awkwardly made, but in the liberal mould that promises great physical strength, with coarse hands and feet, such as the patrician pretends are never seen in his own race, and with a depth of chest which readily accounts for the powerful tones of that authoritative voice. This vigorous frame is surmounted by a countenance that, without the slightest pretensions to comeliness, cannot but make a deep impression on the beholder. The scoffing Cavaliers may jeer at "red-nosed Noll," but Cromwell's face is the face of a great man. The sanguine temperament, which expresses, if we may so speak, the *material* strength of the mind is denoted by the deep ruddy coloring of the skin. The strong broad jaw belongs to the decided and immovable will of a man of action, capable of carrying out the thoughts that are matured beneath those prominent temples, from which the thin hair is already worn away; and although the nose is somewhat large and full, the mouth somewhat coarse and wide, these distinguishing characteristics seem less the brand of indulgence and sensuality than

the adjuncts of a ripe, manly nature almost always the accompaniment of great physical power. Though the eyes are small and deep-set, they glow like coals of fire; when excited or angered (for the General's temper is none of the sweetest, and he has more difficulty in commanding it than in enforcing the obedience of an army), they seem to flash out sparks from beneath his heavy head-piece. A winning smile is on his countenance now. The Ironsides have executed an "advance in line" that brings them up even and regular as a wall of steel to his very horses' head, and the reflection steals pleasantly across his mind, that the tools are fit for service at last, that the tedious process of discipline will ere long bring him to the glorious moment of gratified ambition.

A new officer has this morning been appointed to the regiment. He seems thoroughly acquainted with his duty, and manœuvres his squadron with the ready skill of a veteran. Already George Effingham has caught the Puritan look and tone. Already he has made no little progress in Cromwell's good graces. That keen observing eye has discovered a tool calculated to do good service in extremity. A desperate man, bankrupt in earthly hopes, and whose piety is far exceeded by his fanaticism, is no contemptible recruit for the ranks of the Ironsides, when he brings with him a frame of adamant, a heart of steel, and a thorough knowledge of the duties of a cavalry officer. Pale, gaunt, and worn, looking ten years older than when he last saw these same troopers at Newbury, Effingham still works with the eager, restless zeal of a man who would fain stifle remembrance and drive reflection from his mind.

The line breaks into column once more—the squadrons wheel rapidly, the rays of a winter sun flashing from their steel head-pieces and breastplates—the horses snort and ring their bridles cheerily—the word of command flies sonorous from line to line—the General gallops to and fro, pleased with the progress of the mimic war—the drill is going on most satisfactorily, when a small escort of cavalry is seen to approach the parade-ground, and remains at a cautious distance from the manœuvres. An officer flaunting in scarf and feathers singles himself out, gallops up to the General, and salutes with his drawn sword as he makes his report.

Cromwell thunders out a "Halt!" that brings every charger upon his haunches. The men are permitted to dismount; the officers gather round their chief, and Harrison—for it is Harrison—who has just arrived, sits immovable upon his horse, with his sword-point lowered, waiting to learn the General's pleasure as to the disposal of his prisoner, whose sex makes it a somewhat puzzling matter to decide.

"They have made reprisals upon us," said Cromwell, in his deep, harsh tones, patting and making much of the good horse under him. "Man or woman, let the prisoner be placed in secure ward. Verily, we are more merciful than just in that we spare the weaker sex. The Malignants deal more harshly with the saints. Their blood be on their own head!" he added, solemnly.

Harrison turned his horses' head to depart. Little cared he, that reckless soldier, how they disposed of the lady he had taken prisoner; he was thinking how he should billet the men and horses he had brought in, not of the fate of his unhappy captive.

"Stay," said Cromwell, "dismiss the soldiers, and bring the Malignant woman hither. I will myself question her ere she be placed in ward."

As he spoke he dismounted, and entered a large stone building converted into a barrack, attended by a few of his officers, amongst whom was Effingham, and followed by the prisoner under escort of two stalwart troopers, who "advanced" their musketoons with a ludicrous disinclination thus to guard an enemy of the softer sex.

The prisoner was a fair, handsome woman in the prime of her beauty. She was dressed in a lady's riding-gear of her time, which, notwithstanding its masculine character, was powerless to diminish her feminine attractions; and looked thoroughly exhausted and worn out by physical fatigue. Yet was there a haughty turn about her head, an impatient gesture of her gloved hand, that denoted the spirit within was dauntless and indomitable as ever.

The instant that the short cloak she wore was removed, and the beaver hitherto slouched over her face taken off by Cromwell's orders, an operation which allowed a profusion of rich brown hair to fall nearly to her waist, Effingham started as if he had been shot. He would have spoken, but an imperious

glance from the prisoner seemed to freeze the words upon his lips. He held his peace, and stood there, deadly pale, and trembling like a child.

Harrison's report was soon made, and amounted to this:—

That in his duty of patrolling the open country lying nearest to Goring's outposts, and visiting his videttes, he had espied a lady mounted on a good horse, who had ridden boldly into the centre of his escort, and demanded to be conducted at once to Gloucester and brought before Cromwell—that she avowed she belonged to the Royalist party, but had abandoned their cause, and was the bearer of important papers, which were to be laid before Cromwell alone—that on his proposition that she should be searched for these papers, and a corporal's attempting to do so, she had snapped a pistol in the sub-officer's face, which providentially flashing in the pan, only singed his beard and eyebrows—that out of respect to Cromwell he had brought her on without further violence, "though that she has not some evil intentions I never can believe," concluded Harrison, "for she is the very first woman I ever came across yet that could ride nearly a dozen miles and never open her lips to speak a word, good or bad."

The General scanned his prisoner carefully. His usual tact and discernment were here at fault. "Woman!" he said, rudely and sternly "what want you here—whence came you—and why venture you thus amongst the people of the Lord?"

"I would see Cromwell alone," replied Mary Cave (for Mary Cave it was, as Effingham too surely knew), and she no longer looked exhausted and fatigued, but the blood came back to her cheek, the haughty turn to her head and neck, the indomitable curve to her lip, as she felt the crisis had come, and her spirit mounted with the occasion. "I have ridden far and fast to see you, General," she added, with a certain tone of irony in her voice; "you will not refuse to grant an interview when a lady asks it."

Effingham felt a strange thrill to hear her voice. How it took him back to that which seemed now some other stage of existence, albeit so short time ago. How associated she was in his mind with that other one. To him, though "she was not the Rose, she had been near the Rose," and he would willingly at that moment have given a year of his life

to ask tidings of her whose name was still nestling at his heart.

Cromwell hesitated. Bold, schemer, undaunted soldier as he was, he entertained a morbid dread of assassination, a dread that in later days, when in the full flush of his prosperity and seated on the throne, caused him to wear proof-armor on all public occasions under his clothes.

He had read, too, of women who would not scruple to sacrifice their lives in a political cause; his own enterprising spirit told him how readily it was possible to encounter certain death for a great object; and this lady did not look as if she was likely to shrink from any desperate deed because of its danger. And yet to fear a woman! Psha! it seemed absurd. He would grant her the interview she desired; though, according to Harrison's report, she had been so ready with her pistol, she was now obviously disarmed; besides, he was well guarded, surrounded by his troopers and his friends. He looked upon his officers for the most part trustworthy, fearless veterans, whose courage and fidelity he had already tried on many a well-fought field. Effingham alone was a new acquaintance, and his quick eye caught the expression of George's countenance watching the prisoner's face.

"Do you know any thing of the lady?" said he, in short, imperious tones, and turning sharply round upon his new officer, with a frown of displeasure gathering on his thick brows.

"You may speak the truth, Captain Effingham!" said Mary, with a look of quiet contempt.

Thus adjured, Effingham hesitated no longer to acknowledge his acquaintance with the beautiful "Malignant."

"Mistress Mary Cave is too well known at the Court not to have won the respect and confidence of all who have ever breathed that polluted atmosphere. I will answer for her faith and honesty with my head. If she fail you, my life shall be for the life of her."

Mary thanked him with a grateful glance.

"I have a boon to ask of you, General; a bargain to drive, if you will. Grant me the interview I require, and bid me go in peace."

Cromwell signed to her to follow him into a smaller apartment, in which a fire was burning, and which contained a chair, a writing-table, and a few articles of rough comfort.

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"Captain Effingham," he said, in his short, stern tones, "place two sentries at the door. Remain yourself within call. Madam, I am now at your service. Speak on; we are alone."

He doffed his heavy head-piece, placed it on the writing-table, and was about to throw himself into the chair. The General was no polished courtier—above all, no woman-worshipper—but there was that in Mary Cave's bearing which checked his first impulse, and bade him stand up respectfully before his prisoner.

Never in all her life before had Mary such need to call up the presence of mind and resolution that formed so important a part of her character. Here she stood, a gentle, soft-nurtured lady, brought up in all the exaggerated refinement of a court, before her bitterest enemy, the most uncompromising as he was the most powerful champion of her adversaries' party. Completely in his power, dependent on his generosity for immunity from exposure, insult—nay, death itself (for, alas! the exasperated feelings aroused by the cruelties practised on both sides were not always restrained by consideration for age or sex); and, save for her accidental meeting with Effingham, whom she had little expected to see here, utterly friendless in the rebel camp. This was the interview that she had been looking forward to for days, that she had so prayed and hoped might be accomplished; that, seeming tolerably easy when seen from a distance, had been the goal to which all her schemes and wishes tended; and now that she was actually face to face with Cromwell, she shook from head to foot as she had never trembled in her life before—but once.

His manner, though reserved, became less stern than at first. Show us the man of any profession, soldier, statesman, Puritan, or archbishop, from eighteen to eighty (a fair margin), on whom beauty, real womanly beauty, makes no impression, and we will show you the eighth wonder of the world.

"Reassure yourself, madam," said Cromwell, with a tone of kindness in his harsh voice; "I do not to-day hear the name of Mistress Mary Cave for the first time. I can safely affirm I would long ago have given much to obtain possession of the lady who thus voluntarily surrenders herself as a prisoner. I have yet to learn what brings her into the very stronghold of the enemy. Had

she been a man, there had been a price on her head."

These words were alarming; but the smile that stole over the General's face was softer and kindlier than his wont.

Mary began her answer with a degree of composure far too obvious not to be affected.

"I am come," said she, to negotiate the exchange of a prisoner. A messenger might have lingered, letters been intercepted, even a white flag outraged, so, General—so—I came myself. Major Bosville is languishing, perhaps dying, in Gloucester gaol. May he not be ransomed, can he not be exchanged? Any sum of money, any number of prisoners—aye, ten for one."

Cromwell's brow grew dark. "You ask too much, madam," he replied, shaking his head sternly. "That officer lies even now under sentence of death. He has refused to give any information concerning the strength or movements of the enemy. A confirmed Malignant, he shall die the death! Hath not Rupert slain in cold blood thirteen godly warriors taken with arms in their hands? The blood of the Lord's anointed cries aloud for vengeance! God do so to me, and more also, if I smite not root and branch, till the Amalokite is destroyed out of the land!"

He was chafing now—angry and restless, like some noble beast of prey.

Mary fitted the last arrow to her bowstring. "You know me, General," she said, with something of her old proud air. "You know my power, my influence, my information. Listen; I will buy Bosville's life of you. You shall make your own terms."

Cromwell smiled. Perhaps he had his private opinion of these lady-politicians, these fair intriguers with the Queen at their head, who hampered the counsels of their friends far more effectually than they anticipated the designs of their enemies. He was perfectly courteous but somewhat ironical in his reply.

"You cannot bribe me, madam," said he, "valuable as I doubt not is the price you offer. Your information may or may not be far superior to my own—your talent for intrigue doubtless many degrees finer. I am a simple soldier; my duty lies plain before me, I will have blood for blood, and I have the warrant of Scripture for my determination."

Poor Mary! she broke down altogether now. The bold warrior-spirit, the craft of statesmanship, the artificial pride of rank and

station, all gave way before the overwhelming flood of womanly pity and womanly fear. She seized the General's rough, coarse hand in both her own, so white and soft by the contrast. Ere he could prevent her, she pressed it to her lips: she bent over it, and clung to it, and folded it to her bosom. Down on her knees she implored him, she besought him, she *prayed* to him, with tears and sobs, to spare the prisoner's life. Her pride was fallen altogether now, her humiliation complete. It was no longer the stately Mary Cave, the Queen's minion, the adviser of statesmen, the ornament of a Court, but a broken-hearted woman pleading for life and death.

"Save him, General," she gasped, gazing wildly up in his face; "save him for mercy's sake, as you hope to be saved yourself at the last day! What is it to you a life the more or less? What is your authority worth if you can hesitate to exercise it for so trifling a matter? Is Cromwell so completely under the orders of Fairfax, so subservient to Ireton, such a sworn slave of the Parliament, that in his own camp he cannot extend mercy to whom he will?"

Her woman's instinct told her through all her distress and all her confusion where lay the weak point in the fortress she assailed; bid her attack him through his pride, his self-respect, his jealousy of command; and dimmed as were her eyes with tears, she saw she had shot her arrow home.

Cromwell flushed a deeper red up to his very temples, the scowl upon his bent brows, and the conspicuous wart over his right eye, lending an ominous and sinister expression to his whole countenance. He spoke not, but the hand she grasped was rudely withdrawn, and the highborn, gently nurtured lady was fain to clasp him round the knees, cased in those wide, soiled riding-boots, with their heavy spurs, that rang and jingled as he stamped twice in his passion against the floor.

"Save him, General!" she repeated. "Is there no consideration you will listen to, no appeal you will respect? Hear me; I sent him on his errand. I got him his appointment. I bade him go forth wounded and helpless into the very jaws of your troopers, and now if he is to die his blood is on my head. Oh! think of your own mother! think of your own child! think of any one you have ever loved! Would you see her kneeling as

I do now? would you see her, lonely, helpless amongst strangers and enemies, pleading for dear life, and bear to know that she was refused? Think better of it, for the love of mercy, General, think better of it. Grant me this one boon, and I will pray for you, enemy though you be, night and morning, on my bended knees, till my dying day."

His voice sounded hoarser than usual, and he loosened the plain linen band around his throat as he muttered the word—"Reprisals!"

She sprang fiercely from her knees, flung his hand, which she had again taken, away from her in scorn, and flashed at him such a glance as made even Cromwell quail.

"Reprisals!" she repeated. "It is the Puritan's English for murder. You have refused me—refused Mary Cave on her bended knees, who never knelt before to mortal man—beware of my revenge! Oh! I meant it not—forgive me!" she added, her whole manner changing once more to one of the softest, the most imploring entreaty, as the impotence and impolicy of her anger struck chill and sickening to her heart; "forgive my hasty words, my pride that has never yet learnt to stoop. You talk of reprisals, General; one life is worth another—take mine instead of his. Lead me out now—this minute—I am ready, and let *him* go free."

She had touched the keystone now; the sympathy for courage and devotion which every brave man feels. He turned his face away that she might not see his emotion, for there were tears in Cromwell's eyes. She took the gesture for one of refusal, and it was in sad, plaintive tones she proffered her last despairing request.

"At least grant me the one last boon I have ridden so far to ask. It is not a little thing that will tempt a woman to the step I have taken. You cannot refuse me this—if I cannot save him, at least I can die with him. Shot, steel, or hempen noose, whatever penalty is exacted from Humphrey Bosville shall be shared by her who sent him here to die. I ask you no more favors—I claim it as a right—he shall not suffer for my sake alone. Do not think I shall flinch at the last moment. See! there is not a trooper of all your Ironsides that fears death less than Mary Cave!"

She had conquered triumphantly at last. The brave spirit could not but recognise its kindred nature. He had made up his mind

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now, and not a hair of Humphrey's head should have fallen had the whole Parliament of England voted his death to a man. Kindly, courteously, nay, almost tenderly, the rough Puritan soldier raised the kneeling lady to her feet. With a consideration she little expected, he placed her carefully in the chair, sent an orderly trooper for food and wine and even bestirred himself to ascertain where she might be most safely lodged till her departure with a safe-conduct under his own hand.

"I grant your request, Mistress Mary Cave, and I attach to my concession but two conditions. The one, it is needless to state, is that Major Bosville passes his *parole* never again to bear arms against the Parliament, and the other"—his glance softened more and more as he proceeded—"that you will not quite forget plain Oliver Cromwell, and that here-

after when you hear his harshness censured, and his rustic breeding derided, you will not be ashamed to say you have known him to show the courtesy of a gentleman and the feeling of a man!"

With an obeisance, the respectful deference of which could not have been outdone by any plumed hat that ever swept the floors of Whitehall, Cromwell took his leave of his fair suppliant, consigning her to the care of George Effingham for the present, and promising her a written pardon in his own hand, and safe conduct through his outposts for herself and Humphrey Bosville, by the morrow's dawn.

Her spirit had kept her up hitherto, but fatigue, watching, and anxiety were too much for her woman's strength; and as Cromwell's massive figure disappeared through the doorway, she laid her head upon the coarse, deal table and gave way to a passion of tears.

CHAPTER XXI.—"UNDER SENTENCE."

CONDEMNED to die! Reader, have you ever realized to yourself all that is contained in those three words? Have you ever considered how large a portion of your daily life is comprised in what we may term the immediate future, in the cares, so to speak, of "what you shall eat, and what you shall drink, and wherewithal you shall be clothed?" Have you ever reflected how your own petty schemes and intrigues—equally petty when viewed at the supreme moment, whether you be a politician on the cross benches, or a grocer behind your counter—fill up the measure of your hopes and wishes? how your own financial budget, whether it effect the revenues of a kingdom or the contents of a till, is the subject that occupies most of your thoughts? and how, when sagacity and foresight upon such matters become superfluous, there is a blank in your whole being, which you feel, perhaps for the first time, ought to have been filled up long ago with something that would not have deserted you at your need, that would have accompanied you into that *terra incognita* which the most material of us feel at some moments is really our home?

And yet at the crisis, it seems as though the spirit-wings were weaker than ever, and instead of soaring aloft into the blue heaven, can but flap heavily and wearily along the surface of earth, as though the mind were incapable of projecting itself into the future, and must needs dwell mistily and inconclu-

sively on the Past; and there is no proverb truer than that "the ruling passion is strong in death," as all will readily admit whose lot it has ever been to look the King of Terrors in the face.

Humphrey Bosville lay condemned to death in Gloucester gaol. His examination, after a short imprisonment, had been conducted by Cromwell himself, with the few rude formalities extended to the trial of a prisoner-of-war. He had been questioned as to the strength of the King's army, and the deliberation of his councillors; like a soldier and a man of honor, he had steadfastly declined to divulge even the little he knew. The court that tried him was composed simply enough, consisting, besides Cromwell, of Harrison and another. The former of these two vainly endeavored to persuade his prisoner, for whom he had taken a great liking, to turn traitor, and save his own life. Humphrey, however, was immovable, and Harrison liked him all the better. The proceedings were short, and not at all complicated.

"You refuse, then, to answer the questions put to you by the court?" said Cromwell, folding a sheet of paper in his hands with an ominous frown.

"I do distinctly," replied the prisoner, regardless of a meaning look from Harrison, and a strenuous nudge from that stout soldier's elbow.

"Sentence of death recorded. His blood

be on his own head!" commented Cromwell; adding, with a look that lent a fearful interest to the simple words, "to-morrow morning, at gun-fire."

"God and the King!" exclaimed Humphrey, in a loud, fearless voice, placing his plumed hat jauntily on his head, and marching off between his goalers, humming cheerfully the Royalist air of "Cuckolds, come, dig!"

So the court broke up. Cromwell went to drill his Ironsides; Harrison to visit his outposts, with what result we have already learned; and another Cavalier was to die.

They placed food and wine in his cell; the grim troopers who guarded him looked on him no longer as an enemy. Already he was invested with the fearful interest of the departing traveller; he who ere twenty-four hours have elapsed will be in that land of which all of us have thought, and which none of us have seen. They were soldiers, too, and they liked his *pluck*, his gallant bearing, his cheerful good humor, his considerate courtesy even to his escort; for Humphrey was a gentleman at heart, and one essential peculiarity of the breed is, that it never shows its purity so much as when in *extremis*. Not a rough dragoon in the guard-room, including Ebenezer the Gideonite, who was still black and blue from shoulder to hip, but would have shared his ration willingly, "Malignant" though he was, with the Cavalier officer.

He ate his portion of food with a good appetite, and drank off his wine to the King's health. The winter sun streamed in at the grating of his cell, the heavy tramp of the sentry at his door rung through the silence of the long stone corridor. It was all over now. It was come at last, and Humphrey sat him down to think.

Yes, he had looked upon Death as a near neighbor for years; he had fronted him pretty often in Flanders before this unhappy civil war, and had improved his acquaintance with him since at Edge-Hill, Roundway-Down, Newbury, and elsewhere; nay, he had felt the grasp of his icy hand but very lately, when he failed to parry that delicate thrust of Goring's. What an awkward thrust it was! and should he not have met it in carte, rather than tierce, and so gone round his adversary's blade? Pshaw! how his mind wandered. And what was the use of thinking of such matters now?—now that he had not

twenty-four hours to live—now that he should fix his thoughts on the next world, and pray ardently for the welfare of his soul. Ay, 'twas well that he had not neglected this duty, and put it off till to-day, do what he would, he could not control his mind, and bid it obey his will. Thoughts after thoughts came surging in, like ocean-waves, and bore him on and swamped him, so to speak, in their resistless tide. Might he but have chosen, he would not have died quite like this. No! he had hoped to go down in some victorious onset, stirrup to stirrup with hot Prince Rupert, the best blood in England, charging madly behind him to the old war-cry that made his blood boil even now—the stirring battle-word of "God and the King!"—sword in hand, and the sorrel pulling hard!—the poor sorrel. Harrison had promised his prisoner to take care of the good horse; there was some comfort in that, and Harrison was a soldier, though a Roundhead. Ay, that had been a glorious death; or, better still, to have dragged his wounded frame to Mary's feet, and laid his head upon her knee, and died there so peaceful, so happy, like a child hushing off to its sleep. Mary would think of him—mourn him, surely—and never forget him now. How would she look when they told her of it in the Queen's chamber? He tried to fancy her, pale and wobegone, bending to hide her face over the embroidery he knew so well—the embroidery he had told her playfully was to be finished ere he came back again. He would never come back to her now; and the large tears that his own fate had failed to draw from him, gathered in his eyes as he thought of that glorious lady's desolation, and fell unheeded on his clasped hands. Well, he had promised her, if need were, to give his life ungrudgingly for the Cause—and he had redeemed his word. Perhaps in another world he might meet her again, and be proud to show her the stainless purity of his shield. He thought over his past life—he was no casuist, no theologian; his simple faith, like that of his knightly ancestors, was comprised in a few words—"Für Gott und für ihr," might have been engraved on his blade, as it was emblazoned on the banner of the chivalrous Lord Craven—he whose romantic attachment to the Queen of Bohemia was never outdone in the imagination of a Troubadour, who worshipped his royal ladye-love as purely and unselfishly as

he risked life and fortune ungrudgingly in her cause. So was it with Humphrey—"For God and for her" was the sentiment that had ruled his every action of late—that consoled him and bore him up now, when he was about to die. It was not wisdom, it was not philosophy, it was not perhaps true religion; but it served him well enough—it stood him in the stead of all these—it carried him forward into the spirit life where, it may be, that some things we wot not of in our worldly forethought, are the true reality, and others that we have worshipped here faithfully and to our own benefit—such as prudential considerations, external respectability, and "good common sense"—are found to be the myths and the delusions, the bubbles that the cold air of Death has dispelled forevermore.

At least, Humphrey knew he had but another night to live; and when he had prayed, hopefully and resignedly, with but one small grain of discontent, one faint repining that he might not see her just once again, he drew his pallet from the corner of his cell, and with folded arms and calm placid brow laid him down peacefully to sleep.

So sound were his slumbers, that they were not disturbed by the armed tread of the captain of the ward, a fierce old Puritan, who ushered up the corridor the cloaked and hooded figure of a woman, accompanied by an officer of the Ironsides, who had shown him an order, signed by Cromwell's own hand, which he dared not disobey. The grim warder, however, influenced by the prisoner's gallant and gentle demeanor, would fain have dissuaded the visitors from disturbing his repose.

"If you be friends of the Major's," said he, in the gruff tones peculiar to all such custodians, "you would act more kindly to let him be; they mostly gets their little snooze about this time of night; and if he's not roused, he'll sleep right on till to-morrow morning; and the nearer he wakes to gun-fire, the better for him. You'll excuse my making so free, madam; the Major's got to be shot at day-break. But if you're come to examine of him, or to get any thing more out of him than what he told the Court, I tell ye it's no use, and a burning shame into the bargain. I can't keep ye out, seeing it's the General's order—and Cromwell's a man who *will* be obeyed; but I can't bear to see the Major put upon neither, and he such a nice, well-spoken gentleman, and the last night as he's to be

with us and all." So grumbling, the old gaoler, who was not without a sort of rough, coarse kindness of his own, opened the cell door, and admitting the visitors, set his lamp down on the floor for their service; after which civility he returned to cough and grumble by himself in the passage.

Mary looked on the face of the sleeper, and for the first time since she had known him realized the unassuming courage of that honest heart. Could this be the man who ere twelve hours should elapse was doomed to die? this calm and placid sleeper, breathing so heavily and regularly, with a smile on his lips and his fair brow smooth and untroubled as a child's. She turned proudly to Effingham. "Is he not worthy of the Cause?" was all she said; and Effingham, looking there upon his comrade and his rival, wiped the dew from his forehead, for the conflict of his feelings, was more than he could bear.

Mary bent over him till her long hair swept across his face.

"Humphrey," she whispered, in the sweetest of her soft, caressing tones, "Humphrey, wake up; do you not know me?—wake up."

The sleeper stirred and turned. The well-known voice must have called up some association of ideas in his mind; perhaps he was dreaming of her even then and there. He muttered something. In the deep silence of the cell both his listeners caught it at once. Mary blushed crimson for very shame; and Effingham felt his heart leap as it had never leapt before.

The sleeper had but whispered three words—"Mary, Loyalty, Mary," was all he said; and then he woke, and stared wildly upon his visitors.

In another instant he had seized Mary's hand, and was folding it to his heart in a transport of affection and delight. He knew not that his life had been spared—he still thought he was to die; but he believed his prayers had been answered—that, whether in the body or out of the body, he was permitted to look on her once again—and that was enough for him.

Effingham did as he would be done by, and left the cell. If "he jests at scars who never felt a wound," on the other hand he is wondrously quick-witted and sympathizing who has himself gone through the *peine forte et dure* of real affection.

And Effingham, too, felt a weight taken off

his heart. He could rejoice now without a single drawback at his comrade's pardon. To do him justice, he would have given all he had in the world to save him yesterday; but now he felt that though henceforth they would never again fight side by side, Bosville was his friend and brother once more. He felt, too, that there was something to live for still, that Hope was not dead within him, and his arm would henceforth be nerved for the struggle by a nobler motive than despair. His future existed once more. Yesterday his life was a blank; to-day, simply because a sleeping captive had muttered a proper name, that blank was filled again with colors bright and rosy as the tints of the morning sky. Such are the ups and downs of poor mortality; such is the weakness of what we are pleased to term the godlike mind that rules our mass of clay.

We will follow Effingham's example; we will not rob Humphrey of his *tête-à-tête* with his mistress, nor intrude upon his transports when he learned that the hand he loved so dearly was the one that had saved him from

death. It was too delightful—it was almost maddening to reflect on all she had undergone for his sake; how she had pleaded with Cromwell for his pardon, and having obtained it, had taken possession of him, as it were, at once, and passed her word for his *parole* as if he belonged to her body and soul; and so he *did* belong to her, and so he would. Oh! if she would but accept his devotion! he longed to pour out his very heart's blood at her feet. Poor Humphrey! he was young, you see, and of a bold, honest nature, so he knew no better.

The three left the prison together, with a cordial farewell from the kind, old governor, and walked through the dark night to the hostelry in the town. Mary was very silent. Did she regret what she had done? did she grudge her efforts for the prisoner? Far from it! She was thinking of all he deserved at her hands, of how she never could repay him for all his fondness and devotion, of the debtor and creditor account between them, and how she wished he could be a little, ever so little, less infatuated about her.

Again we say, poor Humphrey!

CHAPTER XXII.—FATHER AND CHILD.

GRACE ALLONBY is very sad and lonely now. Anxiety and distress have told upon her health and spirits, and the girl once so fresh and elastic, goes about her household duties with a pale cheek and a listless step that worry her father to his heart's core. Sir Giles has but little time for speculation on private affairs, his duty to his sovereign keeps him constantly employed, and it requires no astute politician to discover that whatever apprehensions he may have to spare, are due to that sovereign's critical position. The Royal Parliament has been convened at Oxford, and has voted any thing and every thing except *supplies*. Its sister assemblage at Westminster, bitter in successful rivalry, has refused to treat for peace; Hopton has sustained a conclusive defeat from Waller at Alresford. Oxford is no longer a secure haven, and the King deprived of the society and counsels of his wife feels himself more than usually perplexed and disheartened. Sir Giles has enough to do with his own regimental duties, for, come what may, he never neglects for an instant that task of organization and discipline on which the old soldier feels that life and honor must depend. His advice, too, is constantly required, and as constantly neglected

by the King; but bitter and unpalatable as it may be, it is always proffered with the same frank honesty and singleness of purpose. He has succeeded in raising and arming no contemptible force of cavalry. With his own stout heart at their head, he thinks they can ride through and through a stand of pikes with a dash that shall win Prince Rupert's grim approval on a stricken field. He cannot foresee that ere long they will prove the speed of their horses, rather than the temper of their blades, on the wide expanse of fatal Marston-Moor. In the mean time they are equipped and ready to march.

An escort is provided to guard "Gracey" back to her kinswoman's house at Boughton where she will remain in bodily safety, no doubt, and will fulfil her destiny as a woman, by wasting her own heart in anxiety for the fate of others. Oxford will be emptied soon of all but its loyal professors and stanch war-worn garrison. Grace does not seem to regret her departure, nor to look forward to her journey with any anticipations of delight, nor to care much whether she goes or stays. Her father's return to active service seems to alarm and depress her, and she wanders about the house with her eyes full of tears,

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but he has often left her to go campaigning before, and never seen her "take on," as he expresses it, like this. What can have come over the girl?

"If she had but a mother now," thinks Sir Giles, with a half bitter pang to feel that his own honest affection should be insufficient for his daughter. He could almost reproach himself that he has not married a second time; but no, Gracey! not even for you could he consent to sacrifice that dream of the past, which is all the old man has left to him on earth. Why do we persist in cherishing the *little* we have, so much the more the *less* it is? Why is the widow's mite, being her all, so much *more* than the rich man's stores of silver and gold, being *his all* too? Perhaps it is that we must suffer before we can enjoy, must pine in poverty before we can revel in possession; and therefore Lazarus devours his crust with famished eagerness, whilst Dives pushes his plate disdainfully away, and curses fretfully cook and butler, who cannot make him hungry or thirsty, albeit his viands are served on silver, and his wine bubbles in a cup of gold. Sir Giles loves a memory fifteen years old better than all the rest of the world, and Gracey into the bargain.

He sits after supper with a huge goblet of claret untasted at his elbow. Leaning his head on his hand he watches his daughter unobserved. All day she has been busied about little matters for his comfort. He marches to-morrow at dawn, and she too leaves Oxford for Northamptonshire. She was more cheerful, he thinks, this afternoon, and the interest and bustle had brought a color again to her cheek; but how pale and tired she looks now, bending over that strip of work. The delicate fingers, too, though they fly as nimbly as ever in and out, are thinner than they used to be—and she always turns her face away from the lamp. A father's eyes, Grace, are sharper than you think for; he is watching you narrowly from under his shaded brows, and he sees the tears raining down thick upon your work and your wasted hands. In the whole of her married life your mother never wept like that.

He can stand it no longer.

"Gracey," says he, in his deep, kind tones; "Gracey! little woman! what's the matter?"

He took her on his knee, as he used to do when she was a little curly-headed thing, and she hid her face on his shoulder, her long

dark hair mingling with the old man's white locks and beard.

She clung to him and sobbed wearily, and told him, "it was nothing—she was tired, and anxious, and nervous, but well—quite well—and, it was nothing."

He had long lost his place in his daughter's heart, though he knew it not.

He strove to cheer her up gently and warily, with a womanly tact and tenderness you could hardly have expected from the war-worn soldier, leading her insensibly from domestic details to the hopes and proceedings of the Royalists, and she struggled to be calm, and appeared to lend an anxious ear to all his details.

"We shall have a large army in the north, Grace," said the old Cavalier; "and when Prince Rupert has relieved York—and relieve it he will, my lass, for hot as he is, there is not a better officer in the three kingdoms, when his hands are loose—he will effect a junction with the King, and we shall then be able to show the Roundheads a front that will keep their ragged Parliament in check once more. What, girl! we have still Langdale, and Lisle, and the Shrewsbury Foot, and gallant Northampton with all his merry-men at his back, not to mention my own knaves, whose rear-guard you saw march out this morning. I have taken some trouble with them, you know, and they're the best brigade I've commanded yet by a good deal. Why, what said young Bosville when he lay in this very room?—aye, on the sofa where you always sit at your stitching—and saw them file past the windows before they were half-drilled. "Sir Giles," said he, "they're the only cavalry we have that can *ride*." And there's no better judge and no better soldier for a young man than Humphrey, whom I love as my own son. They'll win your old father his peerage yet before I've done with 'em. Fill me out the claret, my darling, and we'll drink a health to Lady Grace!"

She did as she was desired, and he could not have accused her of paleness now. Was it the anticipation of her exalted rank that thus brought the blood in a rush to Grace's cheeks?

"Ay! if worst comes to worst," proceeded the old knight, after a hearty pull at the claret, "the rebels will be glad to come to terms. I am an old man now, sweetheart, and I want to live at peace with my neigh-

boys. When I've had these new levies in a good rousing fire once and again, and seen the knaves hold their own with Cromwell and his men in iron, I shall be satisfied for my part. Besides, we fight unincumbered now; the Queen's safe enough down in the West. I heard from Mary this morning by Jermyn, who travelled here post with dispatches; and the Queen——"

"From Mary!" interrupted Grace, her eyes sparkling and her face flushing once more; "what says she? Does she talk about herself?—does she give you any news?"

She spoke in a sharp quick tone; and the slender fingers that rested on her father's glass clasped it tight round the stem.

"She writes mostly of the Cause, as is her wont," replied Sir Giles, not noticing his daughter's eagerness. "They have hopes of more men and horses down in the West. Ay, there is a talk too of foreign assistance; but for my part I put little faith in that. The Queen's household is much diminished,—that's a good job at least. I read my Bible, Grace, I hope, like a good Christian, and I believe every word in it, but I have never yet seen that "in the multitude of counsellors there is safety." Howsoever, there is but little pomp now in the Queen's court at Exeter. Mary only mentions herself and Mrs. Kirke, and Lady Carlisle, whom I never could abide; and Dormer and Bosville as gentlemen of the chamber; and that is all."

Grace's breath came quick and short. She was still on her father's knee, but in such a posture that he could not see her face. She would have given much to be able to ask one simple question, but she dared not—no, she *dared* not. She held her peace, feeling as if she was stifled.

"The Queen were best on the Continent," pursued Sir Giles, "and Mary seems to think she will go ere long, taking her household with her. God be with them! England is well rid of the half of them."

Grace laughed—such a faint, forced, miserable laugh. Poor Grace! the blow had been long coming, and it had fallen at last. Of course he would accompany his Royal mistress abroad; of course she would never, never see him again; of course he was nothing to her, and amidst all his duties and occupations she could have no place in his thoughts. The pertinacity with which she dwelt upon this consolatory reflection was sufficiently edi-

fying; and of course she ought to have foreseen it all long ago, and it was far better that she should know the worst, and accustom herself to it at once. Oh, far better. A positive relief! And the poor face that she put up to kiss her father when he wished her "Good-night," looked whiter and more drawn than ever; the footfall that he listened to so wistfully going up the stairs dwelt wearily and heavily at every step. Sir Giles shook his head, finished his claret at a draught, and betook himself too to his couch; but the old Cavalier was restless and uneasy, his sleep little less unbroken than his daughter's.

Alas, Gracey!—she was his own child no more. He remembered her so well in her white frock, tottering across the room with her merry laugh, and holding his finger tight in the clasp of that warm little hand; he remembered her a slender slip of girlhood, galloping on her pony with a certain graceful timidity peculiarly her own, her long dark ringlets floating in the breeze, her bright eyes sparkling with the exercise, and always, frightened or confident, trusting and appealing to "Father" alone. He remembered her, scores and scores of times, sitting on his knee as she had done this evening, nestling her head upon his shoulder, and vowing in her pretty positive way—positive always and only with *him*—that she would never marry and leave him, never trust her old father to any hands but her own; she was sure he couldn't do without her, and if *he* wasn't sure he ought to be!

And now somebody had come and taken away all this affection from him that he considered his by right; and she was no longer his child—his very own—and never would be again. Sir Giles could not have put his thoughts explicitly into words, but he had a dim consciousness of the fact, and it saddened while it almost angered him. Though he slept but little he was up and astir long before day-break; and the "God bless thee, Gracey!" which was always his last word at parting with his daughter, was delivered more hoarsely and solemnly than his wont. The pale face with its red eyelids haunted him as he rode; and except once to give a beggar an alms, and once to swear testily at his best horse for a stumble, Sir Giles never uttered a syllable for the first ten miles of his journey.

And Grace, too, in the train of her kinsman, Lord Vaux, travelled wearily back to his

house at Boughton, which she considered her home. Faith, riding alongside of her, to cheer her mistress' spirits, forgot her own griefs—for Faith too had lost a lover—in sympathy for the lady's meek, uncomplaining sadness.

"It's all along of the Captain!" thought Faith, whose own affairs had not dimmed the natural sharpness of her sight; "it's all along of the Captain, and he ought to be ashamed of himself, so he ought!"

Faith, like the rest of her class, was not particular as to the amount of blame she laid upon the absent; and with the happy impar-

tiality of her sex, invariably considered and proclaimed *the man* to be in the wrong. In this instance she condemned Humphrey without the slightest hesitation. It was clear he had left her young mistress without distinctly promising marriage, and when she contrasted such lukewarm negligence with the ardent passages of leave-taking that had been reciprocated by Dymocke and herself, she could scarcely contain her indignation. "If Hugh had used *me* so," thought Faith, and the color rose to her cheeks as she dwelt on the possible injustice, "as sure as I've two hands I'd have scratched his eyes out!"

MR. MACLEAN'S READINGS OF HOOD.—A gentleman of the name of Maclean, a young man of prepossessing appearance and powerful elocutional delivery, has entertained a select and very numerous audience at the Marylebone Literary and Scientific Institution, in Edward Street, Portman Square, by a programme of selections from the works of the late Thomas Hood. Mr. Maclean, by way of introduction, explained that he had hitherto unostentatiously confined his entertainment to purely private rehearsals, as a means of augmenting the funds of one or two benevolent associations; but that he now, at the suggestion or solicitation of many literary friends, came forward in a public capacity on his own account. He then proceeded, amid repeated applauses, and with marked rhetorical effect and fervor of expression, to recite the noted narrative of "Kilmansegg," and "The Song of the Shirt," "The Bridge of Sighs," and "The Dream of Eugene Aram," in the delivery of which the genuine beauties of the poet were heightened by the rhetoric of the reciter. The performance was diversified by the singing of some anthems and chorals by a choir of fifty voices of young people, under the leadership of Mr. Dixon, concluding with some further selections from Maclean's comedy of *The Man of the World*.—*Literary Gazette*.

A COMPACT agreeable "picnic" stool has been contrived by Messrs. Sherborne and Tillyer, of Oxford Street. It consists of three hollow iron tubes, about three quarters of an inch in diameter, and thirteen inches long; these are fastened together by a movable joint near the top end of the tubes, the lower ends spreading out in a triangular form. The seat is formed by means of a three-cornered piece of carpet or other strong material, fastened at each corner to the top ends of the three smaller but similar tubes to those already described. The bottom ends of the smaller tubes are forced into the orifices of the larger tubes, a seat is accordingly

formed, very light, but of sufficient strength, it is said, to hold three men; and it can be packed into a space thirteen inches long by two and a half inches round.—*Spectator*.

CERAMIC STATUARY.—The latest and certainly one of the most successful achievements of Messrs. Copeland in parian statuettes, is a reduced copy of Gibson's statue in marble, "The Nymph at the Bath"; it has been very carefully modelled by Mr. Theed, the sculptor, from the original life-size statue in the possession of the Earl of Yarborough. It forms a very beautiful little work of art, for the boudoir, and derives much ornamental elegance from the sculptors' own taste for color applied to marble statues. The drapery is bordered with a chaste Greek pattern incised and touched with pale color and gold. The figure is half draped and seated, the head bound with a circlet touched with gold, on the arms are bracelets and armlets also gilt, and sandals of similar work adorn the feet. This charming figure has been executed for the Crystal Palace Art Union, and is in fact the most important work of art to be obtained by the subscribers of five guineas.

We noticed also at Messrs. Copeland's two small busts in the same material, called "Ophelia" and "Miranda," modelled by Calder Marshall, R.A. The Ophelia is also made life-size in Parian.

Another very interesting figure of this kind is "The Nubian Girl," a statuette about fifteen inches in height, a very graceful subject. This material seems to be especially well adapted for the reproduction of the fine carvings in ivory by Fiammingo. A cup after one by this celebrated master, also the production of Messrs. Copeland's atelier, appeared to us to be an excellent copy; the color and fine surface of the material contributing much of the beautiful richness of tint and melting of forms in relief, so characteristic and pleasing to the eye in ivory carvings.—*Spectator*.

From Blackwoods' Magazine.
THE LIFTED VEIL.

CHAPTER I.

THE time of my end approaches. I have lately been subject to attacks of *angina pectoris*; and in the ordinary course of things, my physician tells me, I may fairly hope that my life will not be protracted many months. Unless, then, I am cursed with an exceptional physical constitution, as I am cursed with an exceptional mental character, I shall not much longer groan under the wearisome burthen of this earthly existence. If it were to be otherwise—if I were to live on to the age most men desire and provide for—I should for once have known whether the miseries of delusive expectation can outweigh the miseries of true prevision. For I foresee when I shall die, and every thing that will happen in my last moments.

Just a month from this day, on the 20th of September 1850, I shall be sitting in this chair, in this study, at ten o'clock at night, longing to die, weary of incessant insight and foresight, without delusions and without hope. Just as I am watching a tongue of blue flame rising in the fire, and my lamp is burning low, the horrible contraction will begin at my chest. I shall only have time to reach the bell, and pull it violently, before the sense of suffocation will come. No one answers my bell. I know why. My two servants are lovers, and will have quarrelled. My housekeeper will have rushed out of the house in a fury, two hours before, hoping that Perry will believe she has gone to drown herself. Perry is alarmed at last, and is gone out after her. The little scullery-maid is asleep on a bench: she never answers the bell; it does not wake her. The sense of suffocation increases: my lamp goes out with a horrible stench: I make a great effort, and snatch at the bell again. I long for life, and there is no help. I thirsted for the unknown: the thirst is gone. O God, let me stay with the known, and be weary of it: I am content. Agony of pain and suffocation—and all the while the earth, the fields, the pebbly brook at the bottom of the rookery, the fresh scent after the rain, the light of the morning through my chamber window, the warmth of the hearth after the frosty air—will darkness close over them forever?

Darkness—darkness—no pain—nothing but darkness: but I am passing on and on through the darkness: my thought stays in

the darkness, but always with a sense of moving onward. . . .

Before that time comes, I wish to use my last hours of ease and strength in telling the strange story of my experience. I have never fully unbosomed myself to any human being; I have never been encouraged to trust much in the sympathy of my fellow-men. But we have all a chance of meeting with some pity, some tenderness, some charity, when we are dead: it is the living only who cannot be forgiven—the living only from whom men's indulgence and reverence are held off, like the rain by the hard east wind. While the heart beats, bruise it—it is your only opportunity; while the eye can still turn towards you with moist timid entreaty, freeze it with an icy, unanswering gaze; while the ear, that delicate messenger to the inmost sanctuary of the soul, can still take in the tones of kindness, put it off with hard civility, or sneering compliment, or envious affectation of indifference; while the creative brain can still throb with the sense of injustice, with the yearning for brotherly recognition—make haste—oppress it with your ill-considered judgments, your trivial comparisons, your careless misrepresentations. The heart will by and by be still—*ubi sæva indignatio ulterius cor lacerare nequit*; * the eye will cease to entreat; the ear will be deaf; the brain will have ceased from all wants as well as from all work. Then your charitable speeches may find vent; then you may remember and pity the toil and the struggle and the failure; then you may give due honor to the work achieved; then you may find extenuation for errors, and consent to bury them.

That is a trivial schoolboy text; why do I dwell on it? It has little reference to me, for I shall leave no works behind me for men to honor. I have no near relatives who will make up, by weeping over my grave, for the wounds they inflicted on me, when I was among them. It is only the story of my life that will perhaps win a little more sympathy from strangers when I am dead, than I ever believed it would obtain from my friends while I was living.

My childhood perhaps seems happier to me than it really was by contrast with all the after years. For then the curtain of the future was as impenetrable to me as to other children: I had all their delight in the pres-

* Inscription on Swift's tombstone.

ent hour, their sweet, indefinite hopes for the morrow; and I had a tender mother: even now, after the dreary lapse of long years, a slight trace of sensation accompanies the remembrance of her caress as she held me on her knee—her arms round my little body, her cheek pressed on mine. I had a complaint of the eyes that made me blind for a little while, and she kept me on her knee from morning till night. That unequalled love soon vanished out of my life, and even to my childish consciousness it was as if that life had become more chill. I rode my little white pony with the groom by my side as before, but there were no loving eyes looking at me, as I mounted, no glad arms opened to me when I came back. Perhaps I missed my mother's love more than most children of seven or eight would have done, to whom the other pleasures of life remained as before; for I was certainly a very sensitive child. I remember still the mingled trepidation and delicious excitement with which I was affected by the tramping of the horses on the pavement in the echoing stables, by the loud resonance of the grooms' voices, by the booming bark of the dogs as my father's carriage thundered under the archway of the courtyard, by the din of the gong as it gave notice of luncheon and dinner. The measured tramp of soldiery which I sometimes heard—for my father's house lay near a county town where there were large barracks—made me sob and tremble; and yet when they were gone past, I longed for them to come back again.

I fancy my father thought me an odd child, and had little fondness for me; though he was very careful in fulfilling what he regarded as a parent's duties. But he was already past the middle of life, and I was not his only son. My mother had been his second wife, and he was five-and-forty when he married her. He was a firm, unbending, intensely orderly man, in root and stem a banker, but with a flourishing graft of the active landholder, aspiring to county influence: one of those people who are always like themselves from day to day, who are uninfluenced by the weather, and neither know melancholy nor high spirits. I held him in great awe, and appeared more timid and sensitive in his presence than at other times; a circumstance which, perhaps, helped to confirm him in the intention to educate me on a different plan from the prescriptive one with which he had complied in the

case of my elder brother, already a tall youth at Eton. My brother was to be his representative and successor; he must go to Eton and Oxford, for the sake of making connections, of course: my father was not a man to under-rate the bearing of Latin satirists or Greek dramatists on the attainment of an aristocratic position. But, intrinsically, he had slight esteem for "those dead but sceptred spirits;" having qualified himself for forming an independent opinion by reading Potter's *Æschylus*, and dipping into Francis' *Horace*. To this negative view he added a positive one, derived from a recent connection with mining speculations; namely, that a scientific education was the really useful training for a younger son. Moreover, it was clear, that a shy, sensitive boy like me was not fit to encounter the rough experience of a public school. Mr. Letherall had said so very decidedly. Mr. Letherall was a large man in spectacles, who one day took my small head between his large hands, and pressed it here and there in an exploratory, suspicious manner—then placed each of his great thumbs on my temples, and pushed me a little way from him, and stared at me with glittering spectacles. The contemplation appeared to displease him, for he frowned sternly, and said to my father, drawing his thumbs across my eyebrows,

"The deficiency is there, sir—there; and here," he added, touching the upper sides of my head, "here is the excess. That must be brought out, sir, and this must be laid to sleep."

I was in a state of tremor, partly at the vague idea that I was the object of reprobation, partly in the agitation of my first hatred—hatred of this big, spectacled man, who pulled my head about as if he wanted to buy and cheapen it.

I am not aware how much Mr. Letherall had to do with the system afterwards adopted towards me, but it was presently clear that private tutors, natural history, science, and the modern languages, were the appliances by which the defects of my organization were to be remedied. I was very stupid about machines, so I was to be greatly occupied with them; I had no memory for classification, so it was particularly necessary that I should study systematic zoology and botany; I was hungry for human deeds and human emotions, so I was to be plentifully crammed

with the mechanical powers, the elementary bodies, and the phenomena of electricity and magnetism. A better-constituted boy would certainly have profited under my intelligent tutors, with their scientific apparatus; and would, doubtless, have found the phenomena of electricity and magnetism as fascinating as I was, every Thursday, assured they were. As it was, I could have paired off, for ignorance of whatever was taught me, with the worst Latin scholar that was ever turned out of a classical academy; whence I have been led to conclude that the only universal rule with regard to education is, that no rule should be held universal, a good education being that which adapts itself to individual wants and faculties. I read Plutarch, and Shakspeare, and Don Quixote by the sly, and supplied myself in that way with wandering thoughts, while my tutor was assuring me that "an improved man, as distinguished from an ignorant one, was a man who knew the reason why water ran down-hill." I had no desire to be this improved man; I was glad of the running water; I could watch it and listen to it gurgling among the pebbles, and bathing the bright green water-plants, by the hour together. I did not want to know *why* it ran; I had perfect confidence that there were good reasons for what was so very beautiful.

There is no need to dwell on this part of my life. I have said enough to indicate that my nature was of the sensitive, unpractical order, and that it grew up in an uncongenial medium, which could never foster it into happy, healthy development. When I was sixteen I was sent to Geneva to complete my course of education; and the change was a very happy one to me, for the first sight of the Alps, with the setting sun on them, as we descended the Jura, seemed to me like an entrance into heaven; and the three years of my life there were spent in a perpetual sense of exaltation, as if from a draught of delicious wine, at the presence of Nature in all her awful loveliness. You will think, perhaps, that I must have been a poet, from this early sensibility to Nature. But my lot was not so happy as that. A poet pours forth his song and *believes* in the listening ear and answering soul, to which his song will be floated sooner or later. But the poet's sensibility without his voice—the poet's sensibility that finds no vent but in silent tears on

the sunny bank, when the noonday light sparkles on the water, or in an inward shudder at the sound of harsh human tones, the sight of a cold human eye—this dumb passion brings with it a fatal solitude of soul in the society of one's fellow-men. My least solitary moments were those in which I pushed off in my boat, at evening, towards the centre of the lake; it seemed to me that the sky, and the glowing mountain-tops, and the wide blue water, surrounded me with a cherishing love such as no human face had shed on me since my mother's love had vanished out of my life. I used to do as Jean Jacques did—lie down in my boat and let it glide where it would, while I looked up at the departing glow leaving one mountain-top after the other, as if the prophet's chariot of fire were passing over them on its way to the home of light. Then when the white summits were all sad and corpse-like, I had to push homeward, for I was under careful surveillance, and was allowed no late wanderings. This disposition of mine was not favorable to the formation of intimate friendships among the numerous youths of my own age who are always to be found studying at Geneva. Yet I made *one* such friendship; and, singularly enough, it was with a youth whose intellectual tendencies were the very reverse of my own.

I shall call him Charles Meunier; his real surname—an English one, for he was of English extraction—having since become celebrated. He was an orphan, who lived on a miserable pittance while he pursued the medical studies for which he had a special genius. Strange! that with my vague mind, impressionable and unobservant, hating inquiry and given up to contemplation, I should have been drawn towards a youth whose strongest passion was science. But the bond was not an intellectual one; it came from a source that can happily blend the stupid with the brilliant the dreamy with the practical: it came from community of feeling. Charles was poor and ugly, derided by Genevese *gamins*, and not acceptable in drawing-rooms. I saw that he was isolated, as I was, though from a different cause, and, stimulated by a sympathetic resentment, I made timid advances towards him. It is enough to say that there sprang up as much *camaraderie* between us as our different habits would allow; and in Charles' rare holidays we went up the Salève together, or took

the boat to Vevey, while I listened dreamily to the monologues in which he unfolded his bold conceptions of future experiment and discovery. I mingled them confusedly in my thought with glimpses of blue water and delicate floating cloud, with the notes of birds and the distant glitter of the glacier. He knew quite well that my mind was half absent, yet he liked to talk to me in this way; for don't we talk of our hopes and our projects even to dogs and birds, when they love us? I have mentioned this one friendship because of its connection with a strange and terrible scene which I shall have to narrate in my subsequent life.

This happier life at Geneva was put an end to by a terrible illness, which is partly a blank to me, partly a time of dimly-remembered suffering, with the presence of my father by my bed from time to time. Then came the languid monotony of convalescence, the days gradually breaking into variety and distinctness as my strength enabled me to take longer and longer drives. On one of these more vividly remembered days, my father said to me, as he sat beside my sofa,

"When you are quite well enough to travel, Latimer, I shall take you home with me. The journey will amuse you and do you good, for I shall go through the Tyrol and Austria, and you will see many new places. Our neighbors, the Filmores, are come; Alfred will join us at Basle, and we shall all go together to Vienna, and back by Prague" . . .

My father was called away before he had finished his sentence, and he left my mind resting on the word *Prague*, with a strange sense that a new and wondrous scene was breaking upon me: a city under the broad sunshine, that seemed to me as if it were the summer sunshine of a long-past century arrested in its course—unrefreshed for ages by the dews of night, or the rushing rain-cloud; scorching the dusty, weary, time-eaten grandeur of a people doomed to live on in the stale repetition of memories, like deposed and superannuated kings, in their regal, gold-embroidered tatters. The city looked so thirsty that the broad river seemed to me a sheet of metal; and the blackened statues, as I passed under their blank gaze, along the unending bridge, with their ancient garments and their saintly crowns, seemed to me the real inhabitants and owners of this place, while the busy, trivial men and women, hurrying to and

fro, were a swarm of ephemeral visitants infesting it for a day. It is such grim, stony beings as these, I thought, who are the fathers of ancient faded children, in those tanned, time-fretted dwellings that crowd the steep before me; who pay their court in the worn and crumbling pomp of the palace which stretches its monotonous length on the height; who worship wearily in the stifling air of the churches, urged by no fear or hope, but compelled by their doom to be ever old and undying, to live on in the rigidity of habit, as they live on in perpetual mid-day, without the repose of night or the new birth of morning.

A stunning clang of metal suddenly thrilled through me, and I became conscious of the objects in my room again; one of the fire-irons had fallen, as Pierre opened the door to bring me my draught. My heart was palpitating violently, and I begged Pierre to leave my draught beside me; I would take it presently.

As soon as I was alone again, I began to ask myself whether I had been sleeping. Was this a dream—this wonderfully distinct vision—minute in its distinctness down to a patch of colored light on the pavement, transmitted through a colored lamp in the shape of a star—of a strange city, quite unfamiliar to my imagination? I had seen no picture of Prague: it lay in my mind as a mere name, with vaguely remembered historical associations—ill-defined memories of imperial grandeur and religious wars.

Nothing of this sort had ever occurred in my dreaming experience before, for I had often been humiliated because my dreams were only saved from being utterly disjointed and commonplace by the frequent terrors of nightmare. But I could not believe that I had been asleep, for I remembered distinctly the gradual breaking in of the vision upon me, like the new images in a dissolving view, or the growing distinctness of the landscape as the sun lifts up the veil of the morning mist. And while I was conscious of this incipient vision, I was also conscious that Pierre came to tell my father Mr. Fimore was waiting for him, and that my father hurried out of the room. No, it was not a dream; was it—the thought was full of tremulous exultation—was it the poet's nature in me, hitherto only a troubled, yearning sensibility, now manifesting itself suddenly as spontaneous creation? Surely it was in this way that

Homer saw the plain of Troy, that Dante saw the abodes of the departed, that Milton saw the earthward flight of the Tempter. Was it that my illness had wrought some happy change in my organization—given a firmer tension to my nerves—carried off some dull obstruction? I had often read of such effects—in works of fiction at least. Nay; in genuine biographies I had read of the subtilizing or exalting influence of some diseases on the mental powers. Did not Novalis feel his inspiration intensified under the progress of consumption?

When my mind had dwelt for some time on this blissful idea, it seemed to me that I might perhaps test it by an exertion of my will. The vision had commenced when my father was speaking of our going to Prague. I did not for a moment believe it was really a representation of that city; I believed—I hoped it was a picture that my newly-liberated genius had painted in fiery haste, with the colors snatched from lazy memory. Suppose I were to fix my mind on some other place—Venice, for example, which was far more familiar to my imagination than Prague: perhaps the same sort of result would follow. I concentrated my thoughts on Venice; I stimulated my imagination with poetic memories, and strove to feel myself present in Venice, as I had felt myself present in Prague. But in vain. I was only coloring the Canaletto engravings that hung in my old bedroom at home; the picture was a shifting one, my mind wandering uncertainly in search of more vivid images; I could see no accident of form or shadow without conscious labor after the necessary conditions. It was all prosaic effort, not rapt passivity, such as I had experienced half an hour before. I was discouraged; but I remembered that inspiration was fitful.

For several days I was in a state of excited expectation, watching for a recurrence of my new gift. I sent my thoughts ranging over my world of knowledge, in the hope that they would find some object which would send a reawakening vibration through my slumbering genius. But no; my world remained as dim as ever, and that flash of strange light refused to come again, though I watched for it with palpitating eagerness.

My father accompanied me every day in a drive, and a gradually lengthening walk as my powers of walking increased; and one

evening he had agreed to come and fetch me at twelve the next day; that we might go together to select a musical snuff-box, and other purchases, rigorously demanded of a rich Englishman visiting Geneva. He was one of the most punctual of men and bankers, and I was always nervously anxious to be quite ready for him at the appointed time. But, to my surprise, at a quarter past twelve he had not appeared. I felt all the impatience of a convalescent who has nothing particular to do, and who has just taken a tonic in the prospect of immediate exercise that would carry off the stimulus.

Unable to sit still and reserve my strength, I walked up and down the room, looking out on the current of the Rhone, just where it leaves the dark-blue lake; but thinking all the while of the possible causes that could detain my father.

Suddenly I was conscious that my father was in the room, but not alone: there were two persons with him. Strange! I had heard no footstep, I had not seen the door open; but I saw my father, and at his right hand our neighbor Mrs. Filmore, whom I remembered very well, though I had not seen her for five years. She was a commonplace middle-aged woman, in silk and cashmere; but the lady on the left of my father was not more than twenty, a tall, slim, willowy figure, with luxuriant blond hair arranged in cunning braids and folds that looked almost too massive for the slight figure and the small-featured thin-lipped face they crowned. But the face had not a girlish expression: the features were sharp, the pale grey eyes at once acute, restless, and sarcastic. They were fixed on me in half-smiling curiosity, and I felt a painful sensation as if a sharp wind were cutting me. The pale-green dress, and the green leaves that seemed to form a border about her blond hair, made me think of a Water-Nixie,—for my mind was full of German lyrics, and this pale, fatal-eyed woman, with the green weeds, looked like a birth from some cold, sedgy stream, the daughter of an aged river.

"Well, Latimer, you thought me long," my father said. . . .

But while the last word was in my ears, the whole group vanished, and there was nothing between me and the Chinese painted folding-screen that stood before the door. I was cold and trembling; I could only totter

forward and throw myself on the sofa. This strange new power had manifested itself again. But *was it a power?* Might it not rather be a disease—a sort of intermittent delirium, concentrating my energy of brain into moments of unheakhy activity, and leaving my saner hours all the more barren? I felt a dizzy sense of unreality in what my eye rested on; I grasped the bell convulsively, like one trying to free himself from nightmare, and rang it twice. Pierre came with a look of alarm in his face.

"Monsieur ne se trouve pas bien?" he said, anxiously.

"I am tired of waiting, Pierre," I said, as distinctly and emphatically as I could, like a man determined to be sober in spite of wine; "I'm afraid something has happened to my father—he's usually so punctual. Run to the Hôtel des Bergues and see if he is there."

Pierre left the room at once, with a soothing "Bien, Monsieur;" and I felt the better for this scene of simple, waking prose. Seeking to calm myself still further, I went into my bedroom, adjoining the salon, and opened a case of eau-de-cologne; took out a bottle; went through the process of taking out the cork very neatly, and then rubbed the reviving spirit over my hands and forehead, and under my nostrils, drawing a new delight from the scent because I had procured it by slow details of labor, and by no strange sudden madness. Already I had begun to taste something of the horror that belongs to the lot of a human being whose nature is not adjusted to simple human conditions.

Still enjoying the scent, I returned to the salon, but it was not unoccupied, as it had been before I left it. In front of the Chinese folding-screen there was my father, with Mrs. Filmore on his right hand, and on his left—the slim blond-haired girl, with the keen face and the keen eyes fixed on me in half-smiling curiosity.

"Well, Latimer, you thought me long," my father said. . . .

I heard no more, felt no more, till I became conscious that I was lying with my head low on the sofa, Pierre and my father by my side. As soon as I was thoroughly revived, my father left the room, and presently returned, saying,

"I've been to tell the ladies how you are, Latimer. They were waiting in the next room. We shall put off our shopping expedition to-day."

Presently he said, "That young lady is Bertha Grant, Mrs. Filmore's orphan niece. Filmore has adopted her, and she lives with them, so you will have her for a neighbor when we go home—perhaps for a near relation; for there is a tenderness between her and Alfred, I suspect, and I should be gratified by the match, since Filmore means to provide for her in every way as if she were his daughter. It hadn't occurred to me that you knew nothing about her living with the Filmores."

He made no further allusion to the fact of my having fainted at the moment of seeing her, and I would not for the world have told him the reason: I shrank from the idea of disclosing to any one what might be regarded as a pitiable peculiarity, most of all from betraying it to my father, who would have suspected my sanity ever after.

I do not mean to dwell with particularity on the details of my experience. I have described these two cases at length, because they had definite, clearly traceable results in my after lot.

Shortly after this last occurrence—I think the very next day—I began to be aware of a phase in my abnormal sensibility, to which, from the languid and slight nature of my intercourse with others since my illness, I had not been alive before. This was the obtrusion on my mind of the mental process going forward in first one person, and then another, with whom I happened to be in contact: the vagrant, frivolous ideas and emotions of some uninteresting acquaintance—Mrs. Filmore, for example—would force themselves on my consciousness like an importunate, ill-played musical instrument, or the loud activity of an imprisoned insect. But this unpleasant sensibility was fitful, and left me moments of rest, when the souls of my companions were once more shut out from me, and I felt a relief such as silence brings to wearied nerves. I might have believed this importunate insight to be merely a diseased activity of the imagination, but that my prevision of incalculable words and actions proved it to have a fixed relation to the mental process in other minds. But this superadded consciousness, wearying and annoying enough when it urged on me the trivial experience of indifferent people, became an intense pain and grief when it seemed to be opening to me the souls of those who were in a close rela-

sion to me—when the rational talk, the graceful attentions, the bon-mots, and the kindly deeds, which used to make the web of their characters, were seen as if thrust asunder by a microscopic vision, that showed all the intermediate frivolities, all the suppressed egoism, all the struggling chaos of puerilities, meanness, vague capricious memories, and indolent make-shift thoughts, from which human words and deeds emerge like leaflets covering a fermenting heap.

At Basle we were joined by my brother Alfred, now a handsome, self-confident man of six-and-twenty—a thorough contrast to my fragile, nervous, ineffectual self. I believe I was held to have a sort of half-womanish, half-ghostly beauty; for the portrait-painters, who are thick as weeds at Geneva, had often asked me to sit to them, and I had been the model of a dying minstrel in a fancy picture. But I thoroughly disliked my own physique, and nothing but the belief that it was a condition of poetic genius would have reconciled me to it. That brief hope was quite fled, and I saw in my face now nothing but the stamp of a morbid organization, framed for passive suffering—too feeble for the sublime resistance of poetic production. Alfred, from whom I had been almost constantly separated, and who, in his present stage of character and appearance, came before me as a perfect stranger, was bent on being extremely friendly and brother-like to me. He had the superficial kindness of a good-humored, self-satisfied nature, that fears no rivalry, and has encountered no contrarities. I am not sure that my disposition was good enough for me to have been quite free from envy towards him, even if our desires had not clashed, and if I had been in the healthy human condition that admits of generous confidence and charitable construction. There must always have been an antipathy between our natures. As it was, he became in a few weeks an object of intense hatred to me; and when he entered the room, still more when he spoke, it was as if a sensation of grating metal had set my teeth on edge. My diseased consciousness was more intensely and continually occupied with his thoughts and emotions, than with those of any other person who came in my way. I was perpetually exasperated with the petty promptings of his conceit and his love of patronage, with his self-complacent belief in Bertha Grant's pas-

sion for him, with his half-pitying contempt for me—seen not in the ordinary indications of intonation and phrase and slight action, which an acute and suspicious mind is on the watch for, but in all their naked skinless complication.

For we were rivals, and our desires clashed, though he was not aware of it. I have said nothing yet of the effect Bertha Grant produced in me on a nearer acquaintance. That effect was chiefly determined by the fact that she made the only exception, among all the human beings about me, to my unhappy gift of insight. About Bertha I was always in a state of uncertainty: I could watch the expression of her face, and speculate on its meaning; I could ask for her opinion with the real interest of ignorance; I could listen for her words and watch for her smile with hope and fear: she had for me the fascination of an unraveled destiny. I say it was this fact that chiefly determined the strong effect she produced on me; for, in the abstract, no womanly character could seem to have less sympathy with that of a shrinking, romantic, passionate youth than Bertha's. She was keen, sarcastic, unimaginative, prematurely cynical, remaining critical and unmoved in the most impressive scenes, inclined to dissect all my favorite poems, and most of all, contemptuous towards the German lyrics, which were my pet literature at that time. To this moment I am unable to define my feeling towards her: it was not ordinary boyish admiration, for she was the very opposite, even to the color of her hair, of the ideal woman who still remained to me the type of loveliness; and she was without that enthusiasm for the great and good, which, even at the moment of her strongest dominion over me, I should have declared to be the highest element of character. But there is no tyranny more complete than that which a self-centred negative nature exercises over a morbidly sensitive nature perpetually craving sympathy and support. The most independent people feel the effect of a man's silence in heightening their value for his opinion—feel an additional triumph in conquering the reverence of a critic habitually captious and satirical: no wonder, then, that an enthusiastic, self-distrusting youth, should watch and wait before the closed secret of a sarcastic woman's face, as if it were the shrine of the doubtfully benignant deity who ruled his

destiny. For a young enthusiast is unable to imagine the total negation in another mind of the emotions that are stirring his own; they may be feeble, latent, inactive, he thinks, but they are there, they may be called forth—sometimes, in moments of happy hallucination, he believes they may be there in all the greater strength because he sees no outward sign of them. And this effect as I have intimated, was heightened to its utmost intensity in me, because Bertha was the only being who remained for me in the mysterious seclusion of soul that renders such youthful delusion possible. Doubtless there was another sort of fascination at work—that subtle physical attraction which delights in cheating our psychological predictions, and in compelling the men who paint sylphs, to fall in love with some *bonne et brave femme*, heavy-heeled and freckled.

Bertha's behavior towards me was such as to encourage all my illusions, to heighten my boyish passion, and make me more and more dependent on her smiles. Looking back with my present wretched knowledge, I conclude that her vanity and love of power were intensely gratified by the belief that I had fainted on first seeing her purely from the strong impression her person had produced on me. The most prosaic woman likes to believe herself the object of a violent, a poetic passion; and without a grain of romance in her, Bertha had that spirit of intrigue which gave piquancy to the idea that the brother of the man she meant to marry was dying with love and jealousy for her sake. That she meant to marry my brother, was what at that time I did not believe; for though he was assiduous in his attentions to her, and I knew well enough that both he and my father had made up their minds to this result, there was not yet an understood engagement—there had been no explicit declaration; and Bertha habitually, while she flirted with my brother, and accepted his homage in a way that implied to him a thorough recognition of its intention, made me believe, by the subtlest looks and phrases, slight feminine nothings that could never be quoted against her, that he was really the object of her secret ridicule; that she thought him, as I did, a coxcomb, whom she would have pleasure in disappointing. Me she openly petted in my brother's presence, as if I were too young and sickly ever to be thought of

as a lover; and that was the view he took of me. But I believe she must inwardly have delighted in the tremors into which she threw me by the coaxing way in which she patted my curls, while she laughed at my quotations. Such caresses were always given in the presence of our friends, for when we were alone together, she affected a much greater distance towards me, and now and then took the opportunity, by words or slight actions, to stimulate my foolish timid hope that she really preferred me. And why should she not follow her inclination? I was not in so advantageous a position as my brother, but I had fortune, I was not a year younger than she was, and she was an heiress, who would soon be of age to decide for herself.

The fluctuations of hope and fear, confined to this one channel, made each day in her presence a delicious torment. There was one deliberate act of hers which especially helped to intoxicate me. When we were at Vienna, her twentieth birthday occurred, and as she was very fond of ornaments, we all took the opportunity of the splendid jewellers' shops in that Teutonic Paris, to purchase her a birthday present of jewellery. Mine, naturally, was the least expensive; it was an opal ring—the opal was my favorite stone, because it seems to blush and turn pale as if it had a soul. I told Bertha so when I gave it her, and said that it was an emblem of the poetic nature, changing with the changing light of heaven and of woman's eyes. In the evening she appeared elegantly dressed, and wearing conspicuously all the birthday presents except mine. I looked eagerly at her fingers, but saw no opal. I had no opportunity of noticing this to her during the evening; but the next day when I found her seated near the window alone, after breakfast, I said, "You scorn to wear my poor opal. I should have remembered that you despised poetic natures, and should have given you coral, or turquoise, or some other opaque unresponsive stone." "Do I despise it?" she answered, taking hold of a delicate gold chain which she always wore round her neck and drawing out the end from her bosom with my ring hanging to it; "it hurts me a little, I can tell you," she said, with her usual dubious smile, "to wear it in that secret place; and since your poetical nature is so stupid as to prefer a more public position, I shall not endure the pain any longer."

She took off the ring from the chain and put it on her finger, smiling still, while the blood rushed to my cheeks, and I could not trust myself to say a word of entreaty that she would keep the ring where it was before.

I was completely fooled by this, and for two days shut myself up in my own room whenever Bertha was absent, that I might intoxicate myself afresh with the thought of this scene, and all it implied.

I should mention that during these two months—which seemed a long life to me from the novelty and intensity of the pleasures and pains I underwent—my diseased participation in other people's consciousness continued to torment me; now it was my father, and now my brother, now Mrs. Filmore or her husband, and now our German courier, whose stream of thought rushed upon me like a ringing in the ears not to be got rid of, though it allowed my own impulses and ideas to continue their uninterrupted course. It was like a preternaturally heightened sense of hearing, making audible to one a roar of sound where others find perfect stillness. The weariness and disgust of this involuntary intrusion into other souls was counteracted only by my ignorance of Bertha, and my growing passion for her; a passion enormously stimulated, if not produced, by that ignorance. She was my oasis of mystery in the dreary desert of knowledge. I had never allowed my diseased condition to betray itself, or to drive me into any unusual speech or action, except once, when, in a moment of peculiar bitterness against my brother, I had forestalled some words which I knew he was going to utter—a clever observation, which he had prepared beforehand. He had occasionally a slightly-affected hesitation in his speech, and when he paused an instant after the second word, my impatience and jealousy impelled me to continue the speech for him, as if it were something we had both learnt by rote. He colored and looked astonished, as well as annoyed; and the words had no sooner escaped my lips than I felt a shock of alarm lest such an anticipation of words, very far from being words of course easy to divine, should have betrayed me as an exceptional being, a sort of quiet energumen, that every one, Bertha above all, would shudder at and avoid. But I magnified, as usual, the impression any word or deed of mine could produce on others; for no one gave any sign of having noticed my interrup-

tion as more than a rudeness, to be forgiven me on the score of my feeble nervous condition.

While this superadded consciousness of the actual was almost constant with me, I had never had a recurrence of that distinct prevision which I have described in relation to my first interview with Bertha; and I was waiting with eager curiosity to know whether or not my vision of Prague would prove to have been an instance of the same kind. A few days after the incident of the opal ring, we were paying one of our frequent visits to the Lichtenberg Palace. I could never look at many pictures in succession; for pictures, when they are at all powerful, affect me so strongly that one or two exhaust all my capability of contemplation. This morning I had been looking at Giorgione's picture of the cruel-eyed woman, said to be a likeness of Lucrezia Borgia. I had stood long alone before it, fascinated by the terrible reality of that cunning, relentless face, till I felt a strange poisoned sensation, as if I had long been inhaling a fatal odor, and was just beginning to be conscious of its effects. Perhaps even then I should not have moved away, if the rest of the party had not returned to this room, and announced that they were going to the Belvedere Gallery to settle a bet which had arisen between my brother and Mr. Filmore about a portrait. I followed them dreamily, and was hardly alive to what occurred till they had all gone up to the gallery, leaving me below; for I refused to come within sight of another picture that day. I made my way to the Grand Terrace, for it was agreed that we should saunter in the gardens when the dispute had been decided. I had been sitting here a short space, vaguely conscious of trim gardens, with a city and green hills in the distance, when, wishing to avoid the proximity of the sentinel, I rose and walked down the broad stone steps, intending to seat myself farther on in the gardens. Just as I reached the gravel walk, I felt an arm slipped within mine, and a light hand gently pressing my wrist. In the same instant a strange intoxicating numbness passed over me, like the continuance or climax of the sensation I was still feeling from the gaze of Lucrezia Borgia. The gardens, the summer sky, the consciousness of Bertha's arm being within mine, all vanished, and I seemed to be suddenly in darkness, out of which there gradually broke a dim firelight, and I felt

myself sitting in my father's leather chair in the library at home. I knew the fireplace—the dogs for the wood fire—the black marble chimney-piece with the white marble medallion of the dying Cleopatra in the centre. Intense and hopeless misery was pressing on my soul; the light became stronger, for Bertha was entering with a candle in her hand—Bertha, my wife—with cruel eyes, with green jewels and green leaves on her white ball-dress; every hateful thought within her present to me. . . . "Madman, idiot! why don't you kill yourself, then?" It was a moment of hell. I saw into her pitiless soul—saw its barren worldliness, its scorching hate—and felt it clothe me round like an air I was obliged to breathe. She came with her candle and stood over me with a bitter smile of contempt; I saw the great emerald brooch on her bosom, a studied serpent with diamond eyes. I shuddered—I despised this woman with the barren soul and mean thoughts; but I felt helpless before her, as if she clutched my bleeding heart, and would clutch it till the last drop of life-blood ebbed away. She was my wife, and we hated each other. Gradually the hearth, the dim library, the candle-light disappeared—seemed to melt away into a background of light, the green serpent with the diamond eyes remaining a dark image on the retina. Then I had a sense of my eyelids quivering, and the living daylight broke in upon me; I saw gardens, and heard voices; I was seated on the steps of the Belvedere Terrace, and my friends were round me.

The tumult of mind into which I was thrown by this hideous vision made me ill for several days, and prolonged our stay at Vienna. I shuddered with horror as the scene recurred to me; and it recurred constantly, with all its minutiae, as if they had been burnt into my memory; and yet, such is the madness of the human heart under the influence of its immediate desires, I felt a wild hell-braving joy that Bertha was to be mine; for the fulfilment of my former prevision concerning her first appearance before me, left me little hope that this last hideous glimpse of the future was the mere diseased play of my own mind, and had no relation to external realities. One thing alone I looked towards as a possible means of casting doubt on my terrible conviction—the discovery that my vision of

Prague had been false—and Prague was the next city on our route.

Meanwhile, I was no sooner in Bertha's society again, than I was as completely under her sway as before. What if I saw into the heart of Bertha, the matured woman—Bertha, my wife? Bertha, the girl, was a fascinating secret to me still: I trembled under her touch; I felt the witchery of her presence; I yearned to be assured of her love. The fear of poison is feeble against the sense of thirst. Nay, I was just as jealous of my brother as before—just as much irritated by his small patronizing ways; for my pride, my diseased sensibility, were there as they had always been, and winced as inevitably under every offence as my eye winced from an intruding mote.* The future, even when brought within the compass of feeling by a vision that made me shudder, had still no more than the force of an idea, compared with the force of present emotion—of my love for Bertha, of my dislike and jealousy towards my brother.

It is an old story, that men sell themselves to the tempter, and sign a bond with their blood, because it is only to take effect at a distant day; then rush on to snatch the cup their souls thirst after with no less savage an impulse, because there is a dark shadow beside them for evermore. There is no short cut, no patent tram-road to wisdom: after all the centuries of invention, the soul's path lies through the thorny wilderness which must be still trodden in solitude, with bleeding feet, with sobs for help, as it was trodden by them of old time.

My mind speculated eagerly on the means by which I should become my brother's successful rival, for I was still too timid in my ignorance of Bertha's actual feeling, to venture on any step that would urge from her an avowal of it. I thought I should gain confidence even for this, if my vision of Prague proved to have been veracious; and yet, the horror of that certitude! Behind the slim girl Bertha, whose words and looks I watched for, whose touch was bliss, there stood continually that Bertha with the fuller form, the harder eyes, the more rigid mouth,—with the barren, selfish soul laid bare; no longer a fascinating secret, but a measured fact, urging itself perpetually on my unwilling sight. Are you unable to give me your sympathy—you who read this? Are you unable to imagine

this double consciousness at work within me, flowing on like two parallel streams that never mingle their waters and blend into a common hue? Yet you must have known something of the presentiments that spring from an insight at war with passion; and my visions were only like presentiments intensified to horror. You have known the powerlessness of ideas before the might of impulse; and my visions, when once they had passed into memory, were mere ideas—pale shadows that beckoned in vain, while my hand was grasped by the living and the loved.

In after days I thought with bitter regret that if I had foreseen something more or something different—if instead of that hideous vision which poisoned the passion it could not destroy, or if, even along with it, I could have had a foreshadowing of that moment when I looked on my brother's face for the last time, some softening influence would have been shed over my feeling towards him: pride and hatred would surely have been subdued into pity, and the record of those hidden sins would have been shortened. But this is one of the vain thoughts with which we men flatter ourselves, trying to believe that the egoism within us would have easily been melted, and that it was only the narrowness of our knowledge which hindered our generosity, our awe, our human piety, from flooding our hard, cruel indifference to the sensations and feelings of our fellow, with the tenderness and self-renunciation which have only come when the egoism has had its day, when, after our mean striving for a triumph that is to be another's loss, the triumph comes suddenly, and we shudder at it because it is held out by the chill hand of death.

Our arrival in Prague happened at night, and I was glad of this, for it seemed like a deferring of a terribly decisive moment, to be in the city for hours without seeing it. As we were not to remain long in Prague, but to go on speedily to Dresden, it was proposed that we should drive out the next morning and take a general view of the place, as well as visit some of its specially interesting spots, before the heat became oppressive—for we were in August, and the season was hot and dry. But it happened that the ladies were rather late at their morning toilette, and to my father's politely repressed but perceptible annoyance, we were not in the carriage till the morning was far advanced. I thought

with a sense of relief, as we entered the Jews' quarter, where we were to visit the old synagogue, that we should be kept in this flat, shut-up part of the city, until we should all be too tired and too warm to go farther, and so we should return without seeing more than the streets through which we had already passed. That would give me another day's suspense—suspense, the only form in which a fearful spirit knows the solace of hope. But, as I stood under the blackened, groined arches of that old synagogue, made dimly visible by the seven thin candles in the sacred lamp, while our Jewish cicerone reached down the Book of the Law, and read to us in its ancient tongue,—I felt a shuddering impression that this strange building, with its shrunken lights, this surviving withered remnant of medieval Judaism, was of a piece with my vision. Those darkened, dusty Christian saints, with their loftier arches and their larger candles, needed the consolatory scorn with which they might point to a more shrivelled death in life than their own.

As I expected, when we left the Jews' quarter, the elders of our party wished to return to the hotel. But now, instead of rejoicing in this, as I had done beforehand, I felt a sudden overpowering impulse to go on at once to the bridge, and put an end to the suspense I had been wishing to protract. I declared, with unusual decision, that I would get out of the carriage and walk on alone; they might return without me. My father, thinking this merely a sample of my usual "poetic nonsense," objected that I should only do myself harm by walking in the heat; but when I persisted, he said angrily that I might follow my own absurd devices, but that Schmidt (our courier) must go with me. I assented to this, and set off with Schmidt towards the bridge. I had no sooner passed from under the archway of the grand old gate leading on to the bridge, than a trembling seized me, and I turned cold under the mid-day sun; yet I went on; I was in search of something—a small detail which I remembered with special intensity as part of my vision. There it was—the patch of colored light on the pavement transmitted through a lamp in the shape of a star.

CHAPTER II.

BEFORE the autumn was at an end, and while the brown leaves still stood thick on the

beeches in our park, my brother and Bertha were engaged to each other, and it was understood that their marriage was to take place early in the next spring. In spite of the certainty I had felt from that moment, on the bridge at Prague, that Bertha would one day be my wife, my constitutional timidity and distrust had continued to benumb me, and the words in which I had sometimes premeditated a confession of my love, had died away unuttered. The same conflict had gone on within me as before—the longing for an assurance of love from Bertha's lips, the dread lest a word of contempt and denial should fall upon me like a corrosive acid. What was the conviction of a distant necessity to me? I trembled under a present glance, I hungered after a present joy, I was clogged and chilled by a present fear. And so the days passed on: I witnessed Bertha's engagement and heard her marriage discussed as if I were under a conscious nightmare—knowing it was a dream that would vanish, but feeling stifled under the grasp of hard-clutching fingers.

When I was not in Bertha's presence—and I was with her very often, for she continued to treat me with a playful patronage that wakened no jealousy in my brother—I spent my time chiefly in wandering, in strolling, or taking long rides while the daylight lasted, and then shutting myself up with my unread books; for books had lost the power of chaining my attention. My self-consciousness was heightened to that pitch of intensity in which our own emotions take the form of a drama that urges itself imperatively on our contemplation, and we begin to weep, less under the sense of our suffering than at the thought of it. I felt a sort of pitying anguish over the pathos of my own lot—the lot of a being finely organized for pain, but with hardly any fibres that responded to pleasure—to whom the idea of future evil robbed the present of its joy, and for whom the idea of future good did not still the uneasiness of a present yearning or a present dread: I went dumbly through that stage of the poet's suffering, in which he feels the delicious pang of utterance, and makes an image of his sorrows.

I was left entirely without remonstrance concerning this dreamy wayward life: I knew my father's thought about me:—"That lad will never be good for any thing in life: he may waste his years in an insignificant way on

the income that falls to him: I shall not trouble myself about a career for him."

One mild morning in the beginning of November, it happened that I was standing outside the portico patting lazy old Caesar, a Newfoundland almost blind with age, the only dog that ever took any notice of me—for the very dogs shunned me, and fawned on the happier people about me—when the groom brought up my brother's horse which was to carry him to the hunt, and my brother himself appeared at the door, florid, broad-chested, and self-complacent, feeling what a good-natured fellow he was, not to behave insolently to us all on the strength of his great advantages.

"Latimer, old boy," he said to me in a tone of compassionate cordiality, "what a pity it is you don't have a run with the hounds now and then. The finest thing in the world for low spirits!"

"Low spirits!" I thought bitterly, as he rode away; "that's the sort of phrase with which coarse, narrow natures like yours think you completely define experience of which you can know no more than your horse knows. It is to such as you that the good of this world falls: ready dulness, healthy selfishness, good-tempered conceit—these are the keys to happiness."

The quick thought came that my selfishness was even stronger than his—it was only a suffering selfishness instead of an enjoying one. But then, again, my exasperating insight into Alfred's self-complacent soul, his freedom from all the doubts and fears, the unsatisfied yearnings, the exquisite tortures of sensitiveness, that had made the web of my life, seemed to absolve me from all bonds towards him. This man needed no pity, no love; those fine influences would have been as little felt by him as the delicate white mist is felt by the rock it caresses. There was no evil in store for him: if he was not to marry Bertha, it would be because he had found a lot pleasanter to himself.

Mr. Filmore's house lay not more than half a mile beyond our own gates, and whenever I knew my brother was gone in another direction, I went there for the chance of finding Bertha at home. Later on in the day I walked thither. By a rare accident she was alone, and we walked out in the grounds together, for she seldom went on foot beyond

the trimly-swept gravel-walks. I remember what a beautiful sylph she looked to me as the low November sun shone on her blond hair, and she tripped along teasing me with her usual light banter, to which I listened half fondly, half moodily: it was all the sign Bertha's mysterious inner self ever made to me. To-day perhaps the moodiness predominated, for I had not yet shaken off the access of jealous hate which my brother had raised in me by his parting patronage. Suddenly I interrupted and startled her by saying, almost fiercely, "Bertha, how can you love Alfred?"

She looked at me with surprise for a moment, but soon her light smile came again, and she answered sarcastically, "Why do you suppose I love him?"

"How can you ask that, Bertha?"

"What! your wisdom thinks I must love the man I'm going to marry? The most unpleasant thing in the world. I should quarrel with him; I should be jealous of him; our *ménage* would be conducted in a very ill-bred manner. A little quiet contempt contributes greatly to the elegance of life."

"Bertha, that is not your real feeling. Why do you delight in trying to deceive me by inventing such cynical speeches?"

"I need never take the trouble of invention in order to deceive you, my small Tasso" (that was the mocking name she usually gave me). "The easiest way to deceive a poet is to tell him the truth."

She was testing the validity of her epigram in a daring way, and for a moment the shadow of my vision—the Bertha whose soul was no secret to me—passed between me and the radiant girl, the playful sylph whose feelings were a fascinating mystery. I suppose I must have shuddered, or betrayed in some other way my momentary chill of horror.

"Tasso!" she said, seizing my wrist, and peeping round into my face, "are you really beginning to discern what a heartless girl I am? Why, you are not half the poet I thought you were; you are actually capable of believing the truth about me."

The shadow passed from between us, and was no longer the object nearest to me. The girl whose light fingers grasped me, whose elfish, charming face looked into mine—who, I thought, was betraying an interest in my feelings that she would not have directly avowed,—this warm-breathing presence again

possessed my senses and imagination like a returning syren melody that had been overpowered for an instant by the roar of threatening waves. It was a moment as delicious to me as the waking up to a consciousness of youth after a dream of middle age. I forgot every thing but my passion, and said, with swimming eyes—

"Bertha, shall you love me when we are first married? I wouldn't mind if you really loved me only for a little while."

Her look of astonishment, as she loosed my hand and started away from me, recalled me to a sense of my strange, my criminal indiscretion.

"Forgive me," I said, hurriedly, as soon as I could speak again; "I didn't know what I was saying."

"Ah, Tasso's mad fit has come on, I see," she answered quietly, for she had recovered herself sooner than I had. "Let him go home and keep his head cool. I must go in, for the sun is setting."

I left her—full of indignation against myself. I had let slip words which, if she reflected on them, might rouse in her a suspicion of my abnormal mental condition—a suspicion which of all things I dreaded. And besides that, I was ashamed of the apparent baseness I had committed in uttering them to my brother's betrothed wife. I wandered home slowly, entering our park through a private gate instead of by the lodges. As I approached the house, I saw a man dashing off at full speed from the stable-yard across the park. Had any accident happened at home? No; perhaps it was only one of my father's peremptory business errands that required this headlong haste. Nevertheless I quickened my pace without any distinct motive, and was soon at the house. I will not dwell on the scene I found there. My brother was dead—had been pitched from his horse, and killed on the spot by a concussion of the brain.

I went up to the room where he lay, and where my father was seated beside him with a look of rigid despair. I had shunned my father more than any one since our return home, for the radical antipathy between our natures made my insight into his inner self a constant affliction to me. But now, as I went up to him, and stood beside him in sad silence, I felt the presence of a new element that blended us as we had never been blended before.

My father had been one of the most successful men in the money-getting world: he had had no sentimental sufferings, no illness. The heaviest trouble that had befallen him was the death of his first wife. But he married my mother soon after; and I remember he seemed exactly the same to my keen childish observation, the week after her death as before. But now, at last, a sorrow had come—the sorrow of old age, which suffers the more from the crushing of its pride and its hopes, in proportion as the pride and hope are narrow and prosaic. His son was to have been married soon—probably have stood for the borough at the next election. That son's existence was the best motive that could be alleged for making new purchases of land every year to round off the estate. It is a dreary thing to live on doing the same things year after year, without knowing why we do them. Perhaps the tragedy of disappointed youth and passion is less piteous than the tragedy of disappointed age and worldliness.

As I saw into the desolation of my father's heart, I felt a movement of deep pity towards him, which was the beginning of a new affection—an affection that grew and strengthened in spite of the strange bitterness with which he regarded me in the first month or two after my brother's death. If it had not been for the softening influence of my compassion for him—the first deep compassion I had ever felt—I should have been stung by the perception that my father transferred the inheritance of an eldest son to me with a mortified sense that fate had compelled him to the unwelcome course of caring for me as an important being. It was only in spite of himself that he began to think of me with anxious regard. There is hardly any neglected child, for whom death has made vacant a more favored place, that will not understand what I mean.

Gradually, however, my new deference to his wishes, the effect of that patience which was born of my pity for him, won upon his affection, and he began to please himself with the endeavor to make me fill my brother's place as fully as my feebleness would admit. I saw that the prospect which by and by presented itself of my becoming Bertha's husband was welcome to him, and he even contemplated in my case what he had not intended in my brother's—that his son and daughter-in-law should make one household with him. My softened feeling towards my

father made this the happiest time I had known since childhood;—these last months in which I retained the delicious illusion of loving Bertha, of longing and doubting and hoping that she loved me. She behaved with a certain new consciousness and distance towards me after my brother's death; and I too was under a double constraint—that of delicacy towards my brother's memory and of anxiety as to the impression my abrupt words had left on her mind. But the additional screen this mutual reserve erected between us only brought me more completely under her power: no matter how empty the adytum, so that the veil be thick enough. So absolute is our soul's need of something hidden and uncertain for the maintenance of that doubt and hope and effort which are the breath of its life, that if the whole future were laid bare to us beyond to-day, the interest of all mankind would be bent on the hours that lie between; we should pant after the uncertainties of our one morning and our one afternoon; we should rush fiercely to the Exchange for our last possibility of speculation, of success, of disappointment; we should have a glut of political prophets foretelling a crisis or a no-crisis within the only twenty-four hours left open to prophecy. Conceive the condition of the human mind if all propositions whatsoever were self-evident except one, which was to become self-evident at the close of a summer's day, but in the mean time might be the subject of question, of hypothesis, of debate. Art and philosophy, literature and science, would fasten like bees on that one proposition that had the honey of probability in it, and be the more eager because their enjoyment would end with sunset. Our impulses, our spiritual activities, no more adjust themselves to the idea of their future nullity, than the beating of our heart, or the irritability of our muscles.

Bertha, the slim, fair-haired girl, whose present thoughts and emotions were an enigma to me amidst the fatiguing obviousness of the other minds around me, was as absorbing to me as a single unknown to-day—as a single hypothetic proposition to remain problematic till sunset; and all the cramped, hemmed-in belief and disbelief, trust and distrust, of my nature, welled out in this one narrow channel.

And she made me believe that she loved me. Without ever quitting her tone of

which necessarily withdrew us from society, badinage and playful superiority, she intoxicated me with the sense that I was necessary to her, that she was never at ease unless I was near her, submitting to her playful tyranny. It costs a woman so little effort to besot us in this way! A half-repressed word a moment's unexpected silence, even an easy fit of petulance on our account, will serve us as *hashish* for a long while. Out of the subtlest web of scarcely-perceptible signs, she set me weaving the fancy that she had always unconsciously loved me better than Alfred, but that, with the ignorant fluttered sensibility of a young girl, she had been imposed on by the charm that lay for her in the distinction of being admired and chosen by a man who made so brilliant a figure in the world as my brother. She satirized herself in a very graceful way for her vanity and ambition. What was it to me that I had the light of my wretched prevision on the fact that now it was I who possessed at least all but the personal part of my brother's advantages? Our sweet illusions are half of them conscious illusions, like effects of color that we know to be made up of tinsel, broken glass, and rags.

We were married eighteen months after Alfred's death, one cold, clear morning in April, when there came hail and sunshine both together; and Bertha, in her white silk and pale-green leaves, and the pale sunshine of her hair and eyes, looked like the spirit of the morning. My father was happier than he had thought of being again: my marriage, he felt sure, would complete the desirable modification of my character, and make me practical and wordly enough to take my place in society among sane men. For he delighted in Bertha's tact and acuteness, and felt sure she would be mistress of me, and make me what she chose: I was only twenty-one, and madly in love with her. Poor father! He kept that hope a little while after our first year of marriage, and it was not quite extinct when paralysis came and saved him from utter disappointment.

I shall hurry through the rest of my story, not dwelling so much as I have hitherto done on my inward experience. When people are well known to each other, they talk rather of what befalls them externally, leaving their feelings and sentiments to be inferred.

We lived in a round of visits for some time after our return home, giving splendid din-

ner-parties, and making a sensation in our neighborhood by the new lustre of our equipage, for my father had reserved this display of his increased wealth for the period of his son's marriage; and we gave our acquaintances liberal opportunity for remarking that it was a pity I made so poor a figure as an heir and a bridegroom. The nervous fatigue of this existence, the insincerities and platitudes which I had to live through twice over—through my inner and outward sense—would have been maddening to me, if I had not had that sort of intoxicated callousness which came from the delights of a first passion. A bride and bridegroom, surrounded by all the appliances of wealth, hurried through the day by the whirl of society, filling their solitary moments with hastily-snatched caresses, are prepared for their future life together, as the novice is prepared for the cloister, by experiencing its utmost contrast.

Through all these crowded excited months, Bertha's inward self remained shrouded from me, and I still read her thoughts only through the language of her lips and demeanor: I had still the delicious human interest of wondering whether what I did and said pleased her, of longing to hear a word of affection, of giving a delicious exaggeration of meaning to her smile. But I was conscious of a growing difference in her manner towards me; sometimes strong enough to be called haughty coldness, cutting and chilling me as the hail had done that came across the sunshine on our marriage morning; sometimes only perceptible in the dexterous avoidance of a *tête-à-tête* walk or dinner, to which I had been looking forward. I had been deeply pained by this—had even felt a sort of crushing of the heart, from the sense that my brief day of happiness was near its setting; but still I remained dependent on Bertha, eager for the last rays of a bliss that would soon be lost forever, hoping and watching for some after-glow more beautiful from the impending night.

I remember—how should I not remember?—the time when that dependence and hope utterly left me—when the sadness I had felt in Bertha's growing estrangement became a joy that I looked back upon with longing, as a man might look back on the last pains in a paralysed limb. It was just after the close of my father's last illness, and threw us more upon each other. It was

the evening of my father's death. On that evening the veil that had shrouded Bertha's soul from me, and made me find in her alone among my fellow-beings the blessed possibility of mystery, and doubt, and expectation, was first withdrawn. Perhaps it was the first day since the beginning of my passion for her, in which that passion was completely neutralized by the presence of an absorbing feeling of another kind. I had been watching by my father's death-bed: I had been witnessing the last fitful, yearning glances that his soul had cast back on the spent inheritance of life—the last faint consciousness of love that he had gathered from the pressure of my hand. What are all our personal loves when we have been sharing in that supreme agony? In the first moments when we come away from the presence of death, every other relation to the living is merged, to our feeling, in the great relation of a common nature and a common destiny.

It was in that state of mind that I joined Bertha in her private sitting-room. She was seated in a leaning posture on a settee, with her back towards the door; the great rich coils of her blond hair surmounting her small neck, visible above the back of the settee. I remember, as I closed the door behind me, a cold tremulousness seizing me, and a vague sense of being hated and lonely—vague and strong, like a presentiment. I know how I looked at that moment, for I saw myself in Bertha's thought as she lifted her cutting grey eyes, and looked at me: a miserable ghost-seer, surrounded by phantoms in the noon-day, trembling under a breeze when the leaves were still, without appetite for the common objects of human desire, but pining after the moonbeams. We were front to front with each other, and judged each other. The terrible moment of complete illumination had come to me, and I saw that the darkness had hidden no landscape from me, but only a blank gipsy wall: from that evening forth, through the sickening years that followed, I saw all round the narrow room of this woman's soul—saw petty artifice and mere negation where I had delighted to believe in coy sensibilities, and in wit at war with latent feeling—saw the light floating vanities of the girl defining themselves into the systematic coquetry, the scheming selfishness, of the woman—saw repulsion and antipathy hardening into cruel hatred, giving pain only for the sake of wreaking itself.

For Bertha too, after her kind, felt the bitterness of disillusion. She had believed that my wild poet's passion for her would make me her slave; and that, being her slave, I should execute her will in all things. With the essential shallowness of a negative, unimaginative nature, she was unable to conceive the fact that sensibilities were any thing else than weaknesses. She had thought my weaknesses would put me in her power, and she found them unmanageable forces. Our positions were reversed. Before marriage, she had completely mastered my imagination, for she was a secret to me; and I created the unknown thought before which I trembled, as if it were hers. But now that her soul was laid open to me, now that I was compelled to share the privacy of her motives, to follow all the petty devices that preceded her words and acts, she found herself powerless with me, except to produce in me the chill shudder of repulsion—powerless, because I could be acted on by no lever within her reach. I was dead to worldly ambitions, to social vanities, to all the incentives within the compass of her narrow imagination, and I lived under influences utterly invisible to her.

She was really pitiable to have such a husband, and so all the world thought. A graceful, brilliant woman, like Bertha, who smiled on morning callers, made a figure in ball-rooms, and was capable of that light repartee which, from such a woman, is accepted as wit, was secure of carrying off all sympathy from a husband who was sickly, abstracted, and, as some suspected, crack-brained. Even the servants in our house gave her the balance of their regard and pity. For there were no audible quarrels between us; our alienation, our repulsion from each other, lay within the silence of our own hearts; and if the mistress went out a great deal, and seemed to dislike the master's society, was it not natural, poor thing? The master was odd. I was kind and just to my dependants, but I excited in them a shrinking, half-contemptuous pity; for this class of men and women are but slightly determined in their estimate of others by general considerations of character. They judge of persons as they judge of coins, and value those who pass current at a high rate.

After a time I interfered so little with Bertha's habits, that it might seem wonderful how her hatred towards me could grow so

intense and active as it did. But she had begun to suspect, by some involuntary betrayals of mine, that there was an abnormal power of penetration in me—that fitfully, at least, I was strangely cognisant of her thoughts and intentions, and she began to be haunted by a terror of me, which alternated every now and then with defiance. She meditated continually how the incubus could be shaken off her life—how she could be freed from this hateful bond to a being whom she at once despised as an imbecile, and dreaded as an inquisitor. For a long while she lived in the hope that my evident wretchedness would drive me to the commission of suicide; but suicide was not in my nature. I was too completely swayed by the sense that I was in the grasp of unknown forces, to believe in my power of self-release. Towards my own destiny I had become entirely passive; for my one ardent desire had spent itself, and impulse no longer predominated over knowledge. For this reason I never thought of taking any steps towards a complete separation, which would have made our alienation evident to the world. Why should I rush for help to a new course, when I was only suffering from the consequences of a deed which had been the act of my intensest will? That would have been the logic of one who had desires to gratify, and I had no desires. But Bertha and I lived more and more aloof from each other. The rich find it easy to live married and apart.

That course of our life which I have indicated in a few sentences filled the space of years. So much misery—so slow and hideous a growth of hatred and sin, may be compressed into a sentence! And men judge of each other's lives through this summary medium. They epitomise the experience of their fellow-mortals, and pronounce judgment on him in neat syntax, and feel themselves wise and virtuous—conquerors over the temptations they define in well-selected predicates. Seven years of wretchedness glide glibly over the lips of the man who has never counted them out in moments of chill disappointment, of head and heart throbbings, of dread and vain wrestling, of remorse and despair. We learn *words* by rote, but not their meaning; *that* must be paid for with our life-blood, and printed in the subtle fibres of our nerves.

But I will hasten to finish my story. Brev-

ity is justified at once to those who readily understand, and to those who will never understand.

Some years after my father's death, I was sitting by the dim firelight in my library one January evening—sitting in the leather chair that used to be my father's—when Bertha appeared at the door, with a candle in her hand, and advanced towards me. I knew the ball-dress she had on—the white ball-dress, with the green jewels, shone upon by the light of the wax candle which lit up the medallion of the dying Cleopatra on the mantelpiece. Why did she come to me before going out? I had not seen her in the library, which was my habitual place, for months. Why did she stand before me with the candle in her hand, with her cruel contemptuous eyes fixed on me, and the glittering serpent, like a familiar demon, on her breast? For a moment I thought this fulfilment of my vision at Vienna marked some dreadful crisis in my fate, but I saw nothing in Bertha's mind, as she stood before me, except scorn for the look of overwhelming misery with which I sat before her. . . . "Fool, idiot, why don't you kill yourself, then?"—that was her thought. But at length her thoughts reverted to her errand, and she spoke aloud. The apparently indifferent nature of the errand seemed to make a ridiculous anticlimax to my prevision and my agitation.

"I have had to hire a new maid. Fletcher is going to be married, and she wants me to ask you to let her husband have the public-house and farm at Molton. I wish him to have it. You must give the promise now, because Fletcher is going to-morrow morning—and quickly, because I'm in a hurry."

"Very well; you may promise her," I said, indifferently, and Bertha swept out of the library again.

I always shrank from the sight of a new person, and all the more when it was a person whose mental life was likely to weary my reluctant insight with worldly, ignorant trivialities. But I shrank especially from the sight of this new maid, because her advent had been announced to me at a moment to which I could not cease to attach some fatality: I had a vague dread that I should find her mixed up with the dreary drama of my life—that some new sickening vision would reveal her to me as an evil genius. When at last I

did unavoidably meet her, the vague dread was changed into definite disgust. She was a tall, wiry, dark-eyed woman, this Mrs. Archer, with a face handsome enough to give her coarse, hard nature the odious finish of bold, self-confident coquetry. That was enough to make me avoid her, quite apart from the contemptuous feeling with which she contemplated me. I seldom saw her; but I perceived that she rapidly became a favorite with her mistress, and, after the lapse of eight or nine months, I began to be aware that there had arisen in Bertha's mind towards this woman a mingled feeling of fear and dependence, and that this feeling was associated with ill-defined images of candle-light scenes in her dressing-room, and the locking-up of something in Bertha's cabinet. My interviews with my wife had become so brief and so rarely solitary, that I had no opportunity of perceiving these images in her mind with more definiteness. The recollections of the past become contracted in the rapidity of thought till they sometimes bear hardly a more distinct resemblance to the external reality than the forms of an oriental alphabet to the objects that suggested them.

Besides, for the last year or more a modification had been going forward in my mental condition, and was growing more and more marked. My insight into the minds of those around me was becoming dimmer and more fitful, and the ideas that crowded my double consciousness became less and less dependent on any personal contact. All that was personal in me seemed to be suffering a gradual death, so that I was losing the organ through which the personal agitations and projects of others could affect me. But along with this relief from wearisome insight, there was a new development of what I concluded—as I have since found rightly—to be a prevision of external scenes. It was as if the relation between me and my fellow-men was more and more deadened, and my relation to what we call the inanimate was quickened into new life. The more I lived apart from society, and in proportion as my wretchedness subsided from the violent throb of agonized passion into the dulness of habitual pain, the more frequent and vivid became such visions as that I had had of Prague—of strange cities, of sandy plains, of gigantic ruins, of midnight skies with strange, bright constellations, of mountain passes, of grassy nooks flecked with

the afternoon sunshine through the boughs: I was in the midst of all these scenes, and in all of them one presence seemed to weigh on me in all these mighty shapes—the presence of something unknown and pitiless. For continual suffering had annihilated religious faith within me: to the utterly miserable—the unloving and the unloved—there is no religion possible, no worship, but a worship of devils. And beyond all these, and continually recurring, was the vision of my death—the pangs, the suffocation, the last struggle, when life would be grasped at in vain.

Things were in this state near the end of the seventh year. I had become entirely free from insight, from my abnormal cognizance of any other consciousness than my own, and instead of intruding involuntarily into the world of other minds, was living continually in my own solitary future. Bertha was aware that I was greatly changed. To my surprise she had of late seemed to seek opportunities of remaining in my society, and had cultivated that kind of distant yet familiar talk which is customary between a husband and wife who live in polite and irrevocable alienation. I bore this with languid submission, and without feeling enough interest in her motives to be roused into keen observation; yet I could not help perceiving something triumphant and excited in her carriage and the expression of her face—something too subtle to express itself in words or tones, but giving one the idea that she lived in a state of expectation or hopeful suspense. My chief feeling was satisfaction that her inner self was once more shut out from me; and I almost revelled for the moment in the absent melancholy that made me answer her at cross purposes, and betray utter ignorance of what she had been saying. I remember well the look and the smile with which she one day said, after a mistake of this kind on my part: "I used to think you were a clairvoyant, and that was the reason why you were so bitter against other clairvoyants, wanting to keep your monopoly; but I see now you have become rather duller than the rest of the world."

I said nothing in reply. It occurred to me that her recent obtrusion of herself upon me might have been prompted by the wish to test my power of detecting some of her secrets; but I let the thought drop again at once: her motives and her deeds had no interest for me, and whatever pleasures she

might be seeking, I had no wish to baulk her. There was still pity in my soul for every living thing, and Bertha was living—was surrounded with possibilities of misery.

Just at this time there occurred an event which roused me somewhat from my inertia, and gave me an interest in the passing moment that I had thought impossible for me. It was a visit from Charles Meunier, who had written me word that he was coming to England for relaxation from too strenuous labor, and would like to see me. Meunier had now a European reputation; but his letter to me expressed that keen remembrance of an early regard, an early debt of sympathy, which is inseparable from nobility of character; and I too felt as if his presence would be to me like a transient resurrection into a happier pre-existence.

He came, and as far as possible, I renewed our old pleasure of making *tête-à-tête* excursions, though, instead of mountains and glaciers and the wide blue lake, we had to content ourselves with mere slopes and ponds and artificial plantations. The years had changed us both, but with what different result! Meunier was now a brilliant figure in society, to whom elegant women pretended to listen, and whose acquaintance was boasted of by noblemen ambitious of brains. He repressed with the utmost delicacy all betrayal of the shock which I am sure he must have received from our meeting, or of a desire to penetrate into my condition and circumstances, and sought by the utmost exertion of his charming social powers to make our reunion agreeable. Bertha was much struck by the unexpected fascinations of a visitor whom she had expected to find presentable only on the score of his celebrity, and put forth all her coquetries and accomplishments. Apparently she succeeded in attracting his admiration, for his manner towards her was attentive and flattering. The effect of his presence on me was so benignant, especially in those renewals of our old *tête-à-tête* wanderings, when he poured forth to me wonderful narratives of his professional experience, that more than once, when his talk turned on the psychological relations of disease, the thought crossed my mind that, if his stay with me were long enough, I might possibly bring myself to tell this man the secrets of my lot. Might there not lie some remedy for me, too, in his science? Might there not at least lie some comprehen-

sion and sympathy ready for me in his large and susceptible mind? But the thought only flickered feebly now and then, and died out before it could become a wish. The horror I had of again breaking in on the privacy of another soul, made me, by an irrational instinct, draw the shroud of concealment more closely around my own, as we automatically perform the gesture we feel to be wanting in another.

When Meunier's visit was approaching its conclusion, there happened an event which caused some excitement in our household, owing to the surprisingly strong effect it appeared to produce on Bertha—on Bertha, the self-possessed, who usually seemed inaccessible to feminine agitations, and did even her hate in a self-restrained hygienic manner. This event was the sudden severe illness of her maid, Mrs. Archer. I have reserved to this moment the mention of a circumstance which had forced itself on my notice shortly before Meunier's arrival, namely, that there had been some quarrel between Bertha and this maid, apparently during a visit to a distant family in which she had accompanied her mistress. I had overheard Archer speaking in a tone of bitter insolence, which I should have thought an adequate reason for immediate dismissal. No dismissal followed; on the contrary, Bertha seemed to be silently putting up with personal inconveniences from the exhibitions of this woman's temper. I was the more astonished to observe that her illness seemed a cause of strong solicitude to Bertha; that she was at the bedside night and day, and would allow no one else to officiate as head-nurse. It happened that our family doctor was out on a holiday, an accident which made Meunier's presence in the house doubly welcome, and he apparently entered into the case with an interest which seemed so much stronger than the ordinary professional feeling, that one day when he had fallen into a long fit of silence after visiting her, I said to him,

"Is this a very peculiar case of disease, Meunier?"

"No," he answered, "it is an attack of peritonitis, which will be fatal, but which does not differ physically from many other cases that have come under my observation. But I'll tell you what I have on my mind. I want to make an experiment on this woman, if you will give me permission. It can do her no

harm—will give her no pain—for I shall not make it until life is extinct to all purposes of sensation. I want to try the effect of transfusing blood into her arteries after the heart has ceased to beat for some minutes. I have tried the experiment again and again with animals that have died of this disease, with astounding results, and I want to try it on a human subject. I have the small tubes necessary, in a case I have with me, and the rest of the apparatus could be prepared readily. I should use my own blood—take it from my own arm. This woman won't live through the night, I'm convinced, and I want you to promise me your assistance in making the experiment. I can't ^{do} without another hand, but it would perhaps not be well to call in a medical assistant from among your provincial doctors. A disagreeable, foolish version of the thing might get abroad."

"Have you spoken to my wife on the subject?" I said, "because she appears to be peculiarly sensitive about this woman: she has been a favorite maid."

"To tell you the truth," said Meunier, "I don't want her to know about it. There are always insuperable difficulties with women in these matters, and the effect on the supposed dead body may be startling. You and I will sit up together, and be in readiness. When certain symptoms appear I shall take you in, and at the right moment we must manage to get every one else out of the room."

I need not give our farther conversation on the subject. He entered very fully into the details, and overcame my repulsion for them, by exciting in me a mingled awe and curiosity concerning the possible results of his experiment.

We prepared every thing, and he instructed me in my part as assistant. He had not told Bertha of his absolute conviction that Archer would not survive through the night, and endeavored to persuade her to leave the patient and take a night's rest. But she was obstinate, suspecting the fact that death was at hand, and supposing that he wished merely to save her nerves. She refused to leave the sick-room. Meunier and I sat up together in the library, he making frequent visits to the sick-room, and returning with the information that the case was taking precisely the course he expected. Once he said to me, "Can you imagine any cause of ill feeling this woman has against her mistress, who is so devoted to her?"

"I think there was some misunderstanding between them before her illness. Why do you ask?"

"Because I have observed for the last five or six hours—since, I fancy, she has lost all hopes of recovery—there seems a strange prompting in her to say something which pain and failing strength forbid her to utter; and there is a look of hideous meaning in her eyes, which she turns continually towards her mistress. In this disease the mind often remains singularly clear to the last."

"I am not surprised at an indication of malevolent feeling in her," I said. "She is a woman who has always inspired me with distrust and dislike, but she managed to insinuate herself into her mistress's favor." He remained silent after this, looking at the fire with an air of absorption, till he went upstairs again. He remained away longer than usual, and on returning, said to me quietly, "Come now."

I followed him to the chamber where death was hovering. The dark hangings of the large bed made a background that gave a strong relief to Bertha's pale face as I entered. She started forward as she saw me enter, and then looked at Meunier with an expression of angry inquiry; but he lifted up his hand as if to impose silence, while he fixed his glance on the dying woman and felt her pulse. The face was pinched and ghastly, a cold perspiration was on the forehead, and the eyelids were lowered so as almost to conceal the large dark eyes. After a minute or two, Meunier walked round to the other side of the bed where Bertha stood, and with his usual air of gentle politeness towards her begged her to leave the patient under our care—every thing should be done for her—she was no longer in a state to be conscious of an affectionate presence. Bertha was hesitating, apparently almost willing to believe his assurance and to comply. She looked round at the ghastly dying face, as if to read the confirmation of that assurance, when for a moment the lowered eyelids were raised again, and it seemed as if the eyes were looking towards Bertha, but blankly. A shudder passed through Bertha's frame, and she returned to her station near the pillow, tacitly implying that she would not leave the room.

The eyelids were lifted no more. Once I looked at Bertha, as she watched the face of the dying one. She wore a rich peignoir, and her blond hair was half covered by a lace cap: in her attire she was, as always, an elegant woman, fit to figure in a picture of modern aristocratic life: but I asked myself how

that face of hers could ever have seemed to me the face of a woman born of woman, with memories of childhood, capable of pain, needing to be fondled? The features at that moment looked so preternaturally sharp, the eyes were so hard and eager—she looked like a cruel immortal, finding her spiritual feast in the agonies of a dying race. For across those hard features there came something like a flash when the last hour had been breathed out, and we all felt that the dark veil had completely fallen. What secret was there between Bertha and this woman? I turned my eyes from her with a horrible dread lest my insight should return, and I should be obliged to see what had been breeding about two unloving women's hearts. I felt that Bertha had been watching for the moment of death as the sealing of her secret: I thanked Heaven it could remain sealed for me.

Meunier said quietly, "Gone." He then gave his arm to Bertha, and she submitted to be led out of the room.

I suppose it was at her order that two female attendants came into the room, and dismissed the younger one who had been present before. When they entered, Meunier had already opened the artery in the long thin neck that lay rigid on the pillow, and I dismissed them, ordering them to remain at a distance till we rang: the doctor, I said, had an operation to perform—he was not sure about the death. For the next twenty minutes I forgot every thing but Meunier and the experiment, in which he was so absorbed that I think his senses would have been closed against all sounds or sights that had no relation to it. It was my task at first to keep up the artificial respiration in the body after the transfusion had been effected, but presently Meunier relieved me, and I could see the wondrous slow return of life: the breast began to heave, the inspirations became stronger, the eyelids quivered, and the soul seemed to have returned beneath them. The artificial respiration was withdrawn: still the breathing continued, and there was a movement of the lips.

Just then I heard the handle of the door moving: I suppose Bertha had heard from the women that they had been dismissed: probably a vague fear had arisen in her mind, for she entered with a look of alarm. She came to the foot of the bed and gave a stifled cry.

The dead woman's eyes were wide open, and met hers in full recognition—the recognition of hate. With a sudden strong effort, the hand that Bertha had thought forever still was pointed towards her, and the haggard face moved. The gasping eager voice said,

"You mean to poison your husband . . .

the poison is in the black cabinet . . . I got it for you . . . you laughed at me, and told lies about me behind my back, to make me disgusting . . . because you were jealous . . . are you sorry . . . now?"

The lips continued to murmur, but the sounds were no longer distinct. Soon there was no sound—only a slight movement: the flame had leaped out, and was being extinguished the faster. The wretched woman's heart-strings had been set to hatred and vengeance; the spirit of life had swept the chords for an instant, and was gone again forever. Good God! This is what it is to live again . . . to wake up with our unstill thirst upon us, with our unuttered curses rising to our lips, with our muscles ready to act out their half-commitments.

Bertha stood pale at the foot of the bed, quivering and helpless, despairing of devices, like a cunning animal whose hiding-places are surrounded by swift-advancing flame. Even Meunier looked paralyzed; life for that moment ceased to be a scientific problem to him. As for me, this scene seemed of one texture with the rest of my existence: horror was my familiar, and this new revelation was only like an old pain recurring with new circumstances.

Since then Bertha and I have lived apart—she in her own neighborhood, the mistress of half our wealth, I as a wanderer in foreign countries, until I came to this Devonshire nest to die. Bertha lives pitied and admired—for what had I against that charming woman, whom every one but myself could have been happy with? There had been no witness of the scene in the dying room except Meunier, and while Meunier lived, his lips were sealed by a promise to me.

Once or twice, weary of wandering, I rested in a favorite spot, and my heart went out towards the men and women and children whose faces were becoming familiar to me: but I was driven away again in terror at the approach of my old insight—driven away to live continually with the one Unknown Presence revealed and yet hidden by the moving curtain of the earth and sky. Till at last disease took hold of me and forced me to rest here—forced me to live in dependence on my servants. And then the curse of insight—of my double consciousness, came again, and has never left me. I know all their narrow thoughts, their feeble regard, their half-weary pity.

It is the 20th of September 1850. I know these figures I have have just written, as if they were a long familiar inscription. I have seen them on this page in my desk unnumbered times, when the scene of my dying struggle has opened upon me. . . .

From the Editorial Correspondence of the N. Y. Evening Post.

A CURIOUS LETTER FROM GIRARDIN.

Paris, June 28, 1859.

THE extraordinary demand for courage which exists in France just now has brought to market some strange varieties. Among them I have to notice one specimen, which will be regarded as more marvellous, perhaps, on the other side of the Atlantic than here. The case to which I refer is a reckless and deliberate defiance of one of the most universal of popular prejudices; it is the single-handed encounter of an individual with one of the strongest instincts of the human race: it is Emile de Girardin attempting to annihilate the distinction which civilized society has hitherto been accustomed to make between legitimate and illegitimate children.

The way he proposes to accomplish this result is by collecting and exhibiting to the world a list of all the most illustrious bastards, living and dead, with brief notices of their achievements, in order that the proscribed class to which he neither "boasts nor conceals the fact of belonging," may have in its support "the power of numbers." Under his advice and patronage, therefore, a M. Charguéraud has prepared a book entitled *Les Batards Célèbres*, which is dedicated to M. Emile de Girardin in the following terms:

"Sir; You have given me the idea of this book; I have undertaken it under your auspices; I have been sustained by your encouragements, and guided by your counsels; it is to you, then, that it should be dedicated. May it respond to the generous thought that inspired it. I more especially desire that this feeble testimonial of my sincere gratitude and profound admiration may please you. That, sir, would be the first and certainly the most agreeable recompense of my labor."

"A CHARGUÉRAUD."

To this M. Girardin replies in what the author terms a letter-preface of five or six pages, in which he exposes the means by which he proposes to "conquer the prejudices" which the world entertains in regard to *Liebes-Kinden* like himself.

This letter is so curious, coming as it does from a man who not many years ago was one of the most influential men in France, who within the last six months was a member of the Algerine Cabinet, and who is certainly one of the cleverest dialecticians in Europe, that I have translated it for the *Evening Post*.

TO M. A. CHARGUÉRAUD:—After having read your book, I cannot but congratulate myself extremely at having suggested to you the idea of it. Such a book was wanting to the history of human inconsistencies and social iniquities. It will contribute largely, I doubt not, to hasten the day of reparation which is coming, to that numerous class to which I neither boast nor conceal that I belong, and which the French legislator, doubly illogical, brands with one hand—brands in the mass, brands without judgment, brands before birth—while with the other he beckons them indiscriminately to the first ranks of the army, of the magistracy, of the public administration, even to the benches of the legislative assemblies and the council tables of the Crown; the political law, in this respect, taking the lead of the civil, and being the sovereign condemnation of it. It will contribute largely, above all and before all, if it should impart to illegitimates who bow stupidly under the weight of unmerited infamy, that reactionary force which is necessary for deliverance, whether from the tyranny of man, the absolutism of a law, or "the barbarities of a usage."

The slave who humbly conceals his irons or his stigmas, instead of exposing them, deserves to bear them. The bastard who blushes at his birth as a stain, a fault or a crime in him, and dissembles instead of avowing the facts, loses all right to complain of what he terms a prejudice, since he is the first to pay tribute to that prejudice, and to recognize the legitimacy of its sovereignty. If this prejudice has been able to survive so many others now passed away, the bastards have but themselves to blame. It would not subsist but for them. If it is an error or an anachronism, why do they not, instead of bowing their heads, lift them not? Why, instead of contending hand to hand, and with face uncovered, do they deal with it in this cowardly way, and with vision lowered? Why, instead of deserting the question personified in them, do they not provoke it? Why, instead of sneaking away in the thick of the crowd, do they not come out where they may be counted, and secure to themselves the power of numbers? Finally, why does their origin appear to embarrass them more, the higher they have succeeded in mounting the steps of the social hierarchy and of public consideration?

If, instead of this defection to his own cause, every bastard who has made himself a name in the state, in science, in art or industry, who has raised himself by his own efforts, who has become illustrious by his achievements had bravely opposed the brightness of his fame to the shadow of his bastardy, to dissipate it, the pretended shame of bastardy would long since have gone to rejoin its brother, the pretended right of the first-born, in the tomb.

I remember to have written when I was but twenty years old—I am now fifty—I remember to have written a little book entitled "Emile," which might appear to be in conflict with some of the preceding lines. This contradiction, more apparent than real, naturally explains itself by my ignorance of men and things at this age—an ignorance which added to the vague sadness of my aspirations a feeling of loneliness, resulting from shame of birth.

Lacking experience, I fell into the common mistake and into commonplace. I went around in the beaten track which had been worn for centuries. Thirty years of apprenticeship, thirty years of effort and study, of observation and reflection, have laboriously drawn me out of it. But what, more than reflection, has contributed to draw me out, has been comparison. Near me there are no longer any but the dead, among whom I also shall be soon. I can now, therefore, express myself with entire freedom, and without fear of risk of putting the gall to any living lips, of saddening any expression, of making any brow to blanch, and cheek to blush; without awakening any wrath, disturbing any fireside, provoking any scandal or prosecution, without breaking or untying any bonds. Legally I had no brother, which, however, did not prevent my mother having two sons, the first according to law, the second outside the law; the first regularly declared, the second taken away in the dark; the one born with an honorable name, which he has honorably borne—the other born without name, which is nothing, and without family which is every thing; the one carefully reared, having but the trouble of seating himself in the place marked for him by the side of his parents—the other prudently separated, as a branded person, not having received even an education to take the place of an inheritance. Inheritance! Every thing is in this word. The

proof, the question of heritage being out of the way, that bastardy is but a phantom, is that between these two sons, not bearing the name of brothers, the first thirty-five and the other thirty years of age, the order of their arrival into the world, by the year 1836, was already, in an inverse sense, the order of their departure; the first was a dependent of the government—the second was a deputy. It was the second who protected the first. While the name and existence of the first were generally unknown, the name and existence of the second were familiar to every one. Of the two, the second was the one who, in spite of interested opposition and wide-spread calumnies, occupied incomparably the best position in what is called the world; it was he who was quoted, it was he whom people envied; in fact, socially, it was the second who had become the first. This fact being undisputed, I ask, then, what is bastardy?

Either bastardy is an error of law, or it is infamy to the person. If it is an inborn infamy it should be inherent in the maculate party; it should follow him from the cradle to the tomb, in all the acts of his life, without leaving him a single instant; it should therefore necessarily unfit him for the command of an army, to preside over a tribunal, to administer a government, to be elected a deputy, or elevated to administrative honors. Since this is not the case, we are forced to conclude that bastardy, which results in civil inequality, is an error of the law, not a failing of the person. How shall we put an end to this error of the law? There is but one means. I have indicated it elsewhere*—by a return to human laws, now falsified by positive laws. Human law prescribes freedom of marriage and equality of children before the mother, and their individuality. By positive law the state mixes itself up with an agreement which ought not to depend but upon the faith or the reason of the two contracting parties; by positive laws the state established a community of children, without knowing to whom to assign them in cases, occurring more or less frequently, where it pronounces the separation of father and mother; by positive law the state simultaneously deifies and violates civil equality; by positive law the state, after insisting as an article of legal faith that an offence or crime is personal to the guilty, makes the natural or adulterine child responsible

* De la Liberté dans le Mariage.

for his birth, forbids any inquiry into his paternity, and punishes the son for going to seek his father, whom it takes care to separate him from; and finally, the state, by positive law, perpetuates in the bosom of society, no one knows why, an arbitrary distinction more difficult to justify by reasoning than the maintenance of slavery, now treated among us as a social enormity. But, happily, logic is to societies in the way of civilization what statics are to edifices in process of construction. Logic and statics have laws which may yet be violated with impunity, for they bear within themselves their own sanction.

Why does European society in all directions threaten to fall to pieces? Is it age? No, it is inconsistency. This inconsistency is the outraged logic, revealing and avenging itself.

I devote myself cordially to the work of reparation, in which you effectually co-operated by the publication of your book. I thank you in the name of the shame-faced bastards, to whom you are trying to give a proper estimate of themselves by placing before their eyes, and engraving upon their memories, the names of celebrated bastards.

Of the book thus flung, like its sponsor, upon the world in bold defiance of received opinions, there is not much to say. M. Chauvéraud devotes some twenty-two pages to answering the following questions:—

What place did bastards occupy in the family?

What rank did they take in political and civil order?

What were their relations with the Church, which during many centuries had a spiritual and temporal preponderance in society?

He then proceeds to give a list with brief sketches of the celebrities, who, when collected together, are expected not only to prove that the popular notions upon the subject of bastardy are prejudices, but to exterminate them.

As the reader may be curious to know who officer M. Girardin's noble army of martyrs, I give you the entire roll:—

Hercules, Ishmael, Jephth, Archelaus, Themistocles, Romulus, Servius Tullius, Ptolemy, Soter, Perseus, Jugurtha, Theodoric, King of the Ostrogoths: Charles Martel, Arnoul, William the Bastard, Tancred, Manfred, Boccacio, Henry II. of Castile, John I. of Portugal, Ferdinand I. of Naples,

John of Dunois, grandson Charles V., Catharine Sforza, Anthony the Great Bastard, Cæsar Borgia, Jason Maino, Leonardo de Vinci, Pierre Farnese, Erasmus, Peter Aretin, Clement VII., Alexander de Medici, Pizarro, Mathew Gilbert, Stephen Gardiner, Archbishop of Winchester and Lord Chancellor of England, and natural son of the Bishop of Salisbury; Francis Alexander Sforza, Jerome Cardan, Mellin de Saint-Gelais, Don Juan of Austria, Busbecq, Diana of France, Ernest de Mansfield, Cæsar de Vendôme, Zhuiga, Chapelle, Marshal Berwick, the Duke of Maine, the Count of Toulouse, Louis Dumas, Richard Savage, Marshal Saxe, James Quin, D'Alanbert, Mlle. de l'Espinasse, Mlle. de Sommerey, John Burgoyne, Jossan, Chamfort, Dezède, Le chevalier de Saint-Georges, Championnet, Jacques Delille, Marc Antony Petit, Lady Hamilton, Pongens, Hegissippe, Moreau, Emile Girardin, Abimeleck, John Albrecht, Adeodat, natural son of St. Augustin; St. Alban Alexandre, Diego Almagro, Michel d'Amboise, Amon-Ben-El-Rass, John Andre, Andrisceus, Charles d'Angoulême Antony, titular King of Portugal; Archelaus, Aristonicus, John D'Armagnac, the Cardinal, and John D'Armagnac Marshal of France; Peter D'Armagnac, Archbishop of Toulouse; Arnoul, natural son of Lothaire; Philip Arrhidee, uterine brother of Alexander the Great; Andefroi, George d'Ayeiro; J. A. Baif, Balagni, Bamcontius, Bassi, Bassompierre, Battiferri, Beauval, Bentivoglio, Blois, Edmond Bonner, John Borgia, Lucretia Borgia, Mathew Bossulus, the Bourbons, John Budé, Calcagnini, Canute IV., King of Denmark; Annibal Caracci, Cæsarion, the son of Cæsar and Cleopatra; Chappour, Chramne, Chrysippe, Dan Danae, Darius David, Decio, Diaz del Lugo, Dregon Duncan, Duprat, Emmannuel, Entius, Este of Ferrara, William Fillastre, Ursinus, Gad and Ashur; Vincent Galileo, son of the great Galileo; Galvano, Gozlin, Louis Gritti, Don Claude de Guise, Hannetaire; Haquin, King of Norway; Harold I., of England; Hautvourdin, Heliogobalus, Emperor of Rome; Hercules, son of Alexander the Great; Don Hernaud, Hierio II., Hoel IV., Antony de Horn, Pope John XI., Pope John XIII.; Leon Juda Judicæel; Laboissière, son of Ninon de l'Enclos; Pope Leo V., Leotychide Liscun, Philip Lippi, Longueil, Longueville de Luna, Malatesti, (Robert and Sigismond,)

Mantouan, Marini, Margaret of Austria, Mauleorier, Hyppolyte de Medici, Don John de Medici, Julian de Medici, Moab, Mongault, James of Monmouth, Hegessippe Moreau; Moret, Earl of Murray; M'lle. Nantes, Miss Nelson, daughter of Admiral Nelson; Nicomaches, son of Aristotle; Oleggio John Phillip, of Orleans; Palemon, Pericles, the son of Aspasia and Pericles; Philip, Bishop of Utrecht; Phillipine Prevost, Pomponius Laetus, Pongens, Ptolemy XI., Ptolemy, Philadelphus, Ptolemy, King of Macedonia; Ptolemy, King of Cyrenia; Ptolemy, King of Cyprus; Rubempre, Saint Albin, Saint Marcellin, Alonzo Sanchez, Marie Aurore de Saxe, natural daughter of Marshal Saxe and grandmother of George Sand; Scachie, La Scala, (Antony and William,) Sendwog, Seyssel, Alexander Sforza, John Sforza, Sogdieu, Philip Stanhope, son of the Earl of Chesterfield, the Strozzi, Swientopelk, Tende, Teresa of Portugal, Torquato, son of Cardinal Bembo; Urrea, Alexander, Vendome, Cæsar Vendome, Lyonnell Vendome, Vermandris, Verneuil, Villena, Visconti, (Ambrose, Hector, Blanche, Brutio, and Marie-Gabrielle,) Vologese L., Weiss, Zbigniew, Zeind.

It will be observed that the only living hero in this collection is M. Girardin himself, of whom a brief account is given. He is stated to be the natural son of Count Alexander de Girardin, Lieutenant-General of cavalry. The name of his other parent is not alluded to. I have heard that from her he inherits Orleanist blood. He received no early education. In 1823 he entered the house of the King as an *attaché* of the Secretary-General. His patron was turned out of office, and then, like Beranger, he tried to be a broker. Like Beranger he failed at this, and like Beranger he next undertook to, and succeeded in living by his pen. He made considerable money in the *Presse*, but much more since, speculating in real estate, which I hear is now his chief occupation. He is said to be very rich, but to have lost all his influence as a politician, not only with the government but with the people. The book he has just published is not likely to improve his position much, nor is any one authorized to say that it will mar it, the marriage sanction being used here for such different purposes from any that are contemplated by it among the Anglo-Saxon race. J. B.

BLIGHT DESTROYER.—Many remedies have been recommended from time to time for that most pertinacious plague, the aphid, which so frequently nips in the bud our favorite rose and many other flowers. We have seen lotions of various kinds used, fumigations of tobacco and other noxious fumes, but too often the remedy has proved worse than the disease and the plant has suffered. After all, a mechanical remedy in the shape of a stiffish brush is perhaps the best: and we notice a very useful contrivance of this kind invented by Mr. Worth, which is to be had of the principal florists and seedsmen. This may be described as like a pair of spring shears having a small brush at the end of each blade, so that these brushes may be compressed together round a twig or bud with the greatest delicacy, and worked so as to brush off the flies, the spring handles allowing it to be readily applied without injury to the plant.—*Spectator*.

NEW MODE OF HANGING PICTURES.—A very simple and handy method for hanging pictures has lately been patented by Mr. Adams of

the Haymarket. It consists in taking one or two strips of brass, which are made strong and at the same time ornamented with a pattern upon them; these are either hooked upon the rod which is usually fixed along the cornice of a room, or fastened by a common brass-headed nail; and are allowed to hang down against the wall. Upon this band slides a kind of stud, capable of being fixed tight by turning the head with a screw, and upon this stud which has a projecting nob, is placed the ring which is fastened to all picture frames, and thus the picture is hung. The advantages of this plan are—that pictures are very easily taken down or put up; or if it is wished to examine a picture closely, it may be readily lowered by loosening the sliding pegs, and easily restored to its position and fixed there. The proper height with regard to light is obtained with less difficulty than in the requisite shortening or lengthening of the cord generally employed. Almost any number of pictures may be hung upon the same strips, and their relative position varied to please the fancy without much trouble.—*Spectator*.

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From a Daguerotype by Mayall

P. Brett

Sir Charles Lyell

